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Things in General.

NO one who has taken any interest whatever in the various "doxies," can have failed to have heard of Rev. M. P. Baxter, who for years has been predicting near dates for the ending of the world, but who, unfortunately for those of us who have to labor with the cares and worries of life, has never been able to wind the concern up. The Baxterites the world over on more than one occasion have made ready their white robes for ascension purposes. Through no fault of Mr. Baxter's, the predicted event has on every occasion failed to take place as per programme. Nevertheless, Rev. Mr. Baxter is still in business as a prophet and may or may not be doing a good work in keeping people ready for the millennium. A London, Eng., paper calls attention to the amusing fact that notwithstanding Mr. Baxter's predictions and preparations for the immediate end of the world, he has just obtained a fresh lease for ninety-nine years of his printing and publishing premises in Tudor street in the city of London. No doubt Mr. Baxter, who has prepared for his own end and the end of the world in the meantime, considers this merely a precautionary measure. "On a former occasion," says London "Truth," "he sought to justify the purchase of new printing machinery on the ground that although the millennium was imminent, yet a religious newspaper would still be required." Of course if his paper will be necessary to instruct the people during the millennium, he may as well save moving expenses by having the premises all ready. No doubt the good people of our city and country who are providing themselves with residences which are not only comfortable, but luxurious, hope to occupy them when the millennium arrives. Some of them are certainly not justifying their existence on earth during the present time by their methods of business, but it would be harsh to forbid them the easy explanation that they wish to make no rest of May moving disturbance when the world puts on its new robes.

PERSISTENT rumors of the dissolution of the eighth Parliament of Canada after its fifth session, indicate that we are on the verge of a general election. Except amongst politicians, I find very little interest manifested as to whether the rumors are true, or whether the Administration will hold office without appeal to the people until the end of the five years, which would be in June, 1901. The lack of interest in the question indicates that amongst the people there are few if any who feel fiercely revengeful or have a knife ready for the Government. It may be that throughout the country there is a quiet feeling of resentment, strong in a few sections, where patronage has been refused or local applicants for office have been thrown down. Such irritations will often be discovered even in a well-conducted business, or in prosperous companies. Nothing yet has been discovered which is apt to arouse any general and effectual effort to change the verdict of the people announced in June, 1896. Oratory has ceased to be much of a power, and at political picnics the harangues of neccessitous leaders are at a discount.

The people are a little too busy to get excited over theories, and considerably too prosperous to be cross. The trade of the country has enormously increased; the profits of the individual have advanced very rapidly. When looking at the whole business from a thoroughly disinterested standpoint, I estimate that if an election takes place in October or November the result will show a slightly decreased majority for the Government—majorities of Governments always decrease—and that there will be changes due to local causes, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier will still be Premier with a handsome majority.

TALKING about the end of the world and the small faith that is being shown by the people who profess a belief that everything "here below" is worthless and that life is merely a preparatory state for something else, we are confronted by the difficulties which present themselves to all the churches while trying to obtain proper candidates for the ministry. Of course it is not difficult to obtain missionaries to go to China or elsewhere who cannot make a living in Canada or elsewhere. Nor is it difficult to find men who are willing to enter the pulpit who have no choice between that and the plough or some other occupation which does not require alertness and ability. The man who covers his deficiencies by claiming the divinity of his message and his selection by Divine call, has faith that he need not be smart. Even the English Church, established by law and sustained by taxation, and with a great many prizes in its gift, has an increasing difficulty in finding recruits. The best of the Oxford and Cambridge men consistently refuse to take orders, and in some of the colleges, so it is said by an English contemporary, it is not easy to find a tutor who is able and willing to read prayers in the college chapel. Every year it is becoming more extraordinary to find a man who appears in the honor lists, going into the Church. This is unfortunate, because though the English Church has always suffered by having the younger sons of younger sons, and men who are fit for nothing else, in the position of curates and as candidates for livings, it now appears that the clergy of the future are likely to be men who got a degree in a manner which no man can explain.

While this is true of the English Church in the United Kingdom, the Scottish Church is said to be in an equally bad quandary, and the United Presbyterians at a meeting some months ago adopted a very serious tone of voice in discussing the disappearance of the men who are capable of taking a degree with honors, from the list of probationers. The Presbyterian Church has taken the matter so much to heart that it has even proposed to abolish the entrance examination altogether. In Scotland, of all places in the moral vineyard, it is saddening to think that the attraction of pulpit life is losing its hold. It was once the pride of the gentleman as well as the mechanic and farmer to have a son in the Church. Now it seems that only the mediocrities, the nobodies of the universities, are likely to prepare themselves as exponents of the Christian religion. Some men, driven by either their impulses or their necessities, will always become distinguished, but it is saddening to think of what the average will be like.

Here in Canada, where we are always inclined to go abroad for preachers to fill our most prominent pulpits, we should seriously consider the drying up of the supply from which we have been accustomed to draw. It is quite possible that Canada is attracting to its theological seminaries as good, if not a better class of men than is being drawn to similar institutions in the Old Country. Yet what is the situation here? The fact that we have been in the habit of inviting university graduates from the United Kingdom to fill the pulpits which are best endowed in a financial way, indicates that we have no very great confidence in the men whom we are uprearing to theological pursuits. Before now I have had occasion to call attention to the fact that some of the leading lights of the pulpit have abandoned their profession for more lucrative pursuits, yet we never see leading business men, lawyers or doctors, leaving their counting-houses, law offices or medical practices to enter the pulpit. On the other hand, we see our brightest young men going into teaching, law, medicine, engineering, and similar secular pursuits, and only the more

poorly equipped taking orders or becoming preachers. It is quite true that in the time of Christ, when the gift of the Holy Spirit was vouchsafed to preachers, the humblest became the greatest. Now we cannot find traces of the same inspiration, the same zeal, or similar self-sacrifice, and preaching is being made a profession similar to those of law and medicine. It is unfortunate, if it is to become simply a profession, that our dullest rather than our brightest minds should be engaged in it. Why is this the case? Does it mean that salaries are too poor to attract good men; and if so, what is the condition of the laity which refuses to pay sufficient to have properly equipped men to preach to them? The problem is not one for a newspaper to solve, but it is certainly one for the religious public to consider, and one over which those who believe in the sacrifice and devotion of the clergy to the cause they have espoused, should ponder.

THE conviction of two Canadian dragoons with the contingent in South Africa, of the crime of seizing the arms and ammunition of surrendered Boers and selling them to belligerents, is an unpleasant episode which naturally enough leaves a very bad taste on the palates of Canadians who were so proud of their soldiers. Of course it must be remembered that there was no moral examination which had to be passed, or which could have been passed by the men who volunteered to go to the front. That some black sheep crept in is not a matter of astonishment. I have pointed out more than once that several men were accepted

logic which our contemporary presents, neither was President Garfield, nor President Lincoln. In South America, where republics are universal, presidents are assassinated almost as regularly as elections take place. Indeed, the assassinations are much more regular than the elections, for one can tell when the assassination takes place, but frequently one is unaware when voting day was. There is no logic about assassination; it is the impulse of a disordered mind, or the outcome of a frightfully bad education. The killing of Goebel in Kentucky was not the outgrowth of a hatred of kings, but the result of a Kentucky code which has transferred to the gun the settlement of questions which courts should decide. Lawsuits are a bad thing, but gun rule is worse. Despotism is a bad thing, but assassination is worse. If we settled all our troubles with a shot-gun, a revolver, a rifle, or a knife, no logic would prevent the innocent from suffering more frequently than the guilty. The innocent would be the victims of those who are ready to use any sort of an implement in order that their opinions may prevail or that they themselves may come into power.

The article upon which this protest is predicated says: "There are people who predict that there will be no kings in Europe inside a hundred years." Perhaps these people are right, but it must be remembered that there are other people who predict that within ten years there will be kings where there are presidents now. No one who studies the history of the modern republics can escape the conclusion that there never will be a time when kings of some sort

things by their results, and as results come rolling in from the Exhibition at Paris, Canada has every reason to be satisfied.

THE commonplaces with which we chronicle the death of prominent citizens are so type-worn that I shall attempt no eulogy of the late J. J. Withrow, the father of the Industrial Fair, and its president until the last year. Mr. Withrow was one of the men who did much for Toronto, and for whom Toronto did little, refusing to elect him as Mayor, and not being any too considerate of his usefulness while he served in a non-elective capacity. Like many others, Mr. Withrow was a man whose merits were not quite understood by the populace in general. Mr. Withrow may have had faults of temper which obscured his virtues, but of one thing we may be certain: if this city had more men of his type the rule of the demagogue and the place-hunter would be at an end. The blunt and rugged man has a mission, but of his finish we may all be sure: he will die much appreciated, but unadorned by the garlands of public approval.

THE time and labor consumed by people in trying to shift responsibilities, if occupied by a conscientious attention to the thing itself would make life a much easier problem. If one engages a lawyer, the lawyer is very liable to engage a counsel so as to remove the responsibility from his shoulders to those of another man. If you go to a doctor and he cannot find out what is the matter with you, he will probably send you to a surgeon or to an oculist, or an aurist, or a dentist, all of whom will take a large fee and leave you just where you were. If one feels himself in spiritual discomfort and goes to a clergyman and asks, "What shall I do to be saved?" the parson will probably send the man to a doctor to look after his digestion, and then the doctor will send him to the oculist with the suggestion that he is threatened with strabismus, or has ear-holes behind his eyes. Then the man will be sent to the maker of spectacles, who will charge him considerably over five prices for something to wear on his eyes, when the real foundation of the trouble may lie in the man's stomach or in what the man considers the immortal part of himself. A merchant in trouble asks a friend what he ought to do in certain circumstances. The friend recommends an accountant. The accountant finds it necessary to have another accountant, and by the time they get through the man is in bankruptcy. The schoolteacher who finds it somewhat difficult to handle a pupil, shifts the responsibility by writing to the parent. The parent writes to the superintendent of the Sunday school. The superintendent of the Sunday school writes to the pastor of the church. The pastor of the church writes a letter to the newspapers, pointing out that religion should be taught in the Public schools. Almost everywhere we find that the responsibility which people should assume themselves is being shifted from shoulder to shoulder until endless trouble is caused but no result arrived at.

The newspapers are just as great offenders in this matter as anybody else. They have a spasm of municipal reform in the middle of the year, when no reform is possible, and they are the passive pack-horses of their advertisers and political friends at the end of the year, when these matters should be attended to. Nearly every newspaper in the city is eager for reform when nothing can possibly be done, when no alderman can be dismissed, no mayor elected, no organization effected. Probably the newspapers are the chief sinners of them all, for they are continually preaching, and never staying with the job long enough to effect any good results. It is an easy thing to be a critic. Smith need lose no sleep when he is blaming Jones for things being wrong, and Jones does not suffer very much while he is unloading the responsibility on Thompson; and Thompson cheerfully moves it along to Johnston, who does not find it uncomfortable, because he immediately dumps it back on Jones.

It seems to me that there should be something done, not by public meeting or convention, or anything of that sort, but in the individual mind, to locate the responsibility of the wrong things which are every day being done. We ought to know why the doctor who cannot find what is wrong with his patient should charge that patient a dollar and send him to some specialist who will charge him five, and will send him to some other specialist who will charge him seven and leave him at the end of the game as badly off as he was when he began. We ought to know why a lawyer will charge us five dollars and go to a counsel who will charge us a hundred dollars, and then suggest that we settle and abandon all our claims to what we thought were our rights. We ought to know why the preacher to whom we go and ask "what we shall do to be saved," does not attend to his business, but wants to know the state of our health and the condition of our finances, and counsels us to go to some lung resort or sanitarium. We ought to fix the responsibility for teaching children good manners, decent penmanship, and the art of getting along in life. Should this be left to the parents, or should the parents dump it on the teachers?

It might be well for us also to arrange what status the newspapers have in the community. Are they to tell people what is right, or are they simply to be an echo of their advertisers and the demagogues who push politics along for their own profit? If we could only fix the responsibility we would be in easy circumstances. This can never be done by any aggregation of people, but it is a task which should be engaged in by everyone who desires to see things done right.

My own view is that every man and woman has a distinct contract with the community to do the best that he or she can possibly accomplish. In that "best" which can be done is the primary agreement to make as many people happy as possible and as few sorry. Everyone must protect everyone else from the consequences of bad judgment, or bad temper, or a bad tendency. Those who do this are doing a great deal. It is not necessary to be known as a good fellow or a nice woman to understand that there is something to be arrived at superior to self-indulgence and popularity. Any attempt on the part of the individual to bring about a certain state of affairs which is desirable, is a hundredfold more valuable than the writing to a newspaper, or an organization, or the inception of an organization, to carry through something which at the moment appears imperative. It seems like dealing with a very trite subject to insist that in every case the individual mind must work out its own part of the public salvation. We fall down in front of the forms and formalism of religion because we are satisfied with those and forget the individual effort which each person should make, and is instructed to make. In municipal politics, in the government of a country, in the conduct of a board of trade or anything else, we make the same error, and fail because we believe in organization rather than individual effort. If there were any means possible to get people to understand that they must do the very best they can, it would be discovered that the people think very much alike, that they desire the same things, and if individually they are interested they will do the same things.

There was a time when organization was everything. It seems to me that there is a time coming when individual



AUGUST AT THE SEASIDE.

who acted as traitors to their families in order to become heroes in the field. We are beginning to hear of this class of men, and the news is particularly painful to those who had hoped that the whole South African incident would close without anything reflecting disgrace on any Canadian. This was hoping for too much. The rank treason, however, of these men who have been sentenced to ten years of servitude, is a disgrace to Canada.

One cannot imagine how these young men acquired such habits of thought and such frightfully distorted consciences. The crime of which they were guilty is not common to our people, nor an illustration of even the worst phase of ordinary Canadian character. The men may have been misled, and their inferiority of rank and the small influence that they had, almost absolutely prove that they were tools rather than conspirators. However, it is the business of no Canadian newspaper to offer an apology for anything so vile, and it seems to me a pity, unless there were circumstances which mitigate very greatly their offence, that the whole bunch of guilty men were not shot on the spot. Canada asks no favors from British army officers, nor any exemptions from martial law. The men who were anxious to fight went to the war, and the country that sent them expects them to be treated with no leniency on account of their education or the particular part of the British Empire from which they came. The occurrence is to be regretted, and I am of the opinion that if they were as guilty as they appear to have been, the next greatest regret in this country will be found to be that their blood did not expiate their offence and wipe the stain from the history of the survivors of the Canadian Contingent in the campaign.

AN evening contemporary on Wednesday had an article on "The Logic of Assassins." It strikes me that the assassin has no logic, and is incapable of reasoning up to the point of removing kings who prevent the direct rule of the people. The article in question seems to have overlooked the fact that presidents of republics have been assassinated with as great frequency as despots have been. President Carnot of France was not killed because of the

will not rule everywhere. The money king rules in the United States, the revolutionary king rules in Central and South America, and the inflammatory king rules in France. The hereditary king is obviously superior to any of these, and he will probably be on top when chaos arrives.

OF the frightful heat which has afflicted Toronto during the past week, nothing need be said, because the thing itself has been universally felt. The temperature lingered for days at 98 in the shade, which is an improper position for the temperature of a frozen country to be discovered in. For sixty years we have had nothing hotter, and it is to be hoped that the dear reader will not meet with anything hotter within the next sixty.

THERE has been much criticism of Canada's exhibit in Paris. The buildings have been said to be insufficient, the expenses enormous, and the political favoritism shown in appointing people to places, indefensible. However this may be—and we must take off the ordinary discount on account of political animosities—the results appear to have been good. In the countries from which we desire to attract emigrants, the making of cheese and butter, the interesting pursuit of collecting eggs, and the marketing of these products, are considered to be among the main objects of life. That Canada has been able to take the grand prize for these products in cold storage, amply pays for the expenditure made for our exhibit. That our apples and other fruits have obtained prizes and attracted such world-wide attention, is another source of gratification, because it means business for our fruit-raisers and will bring conviction to the minds of hitherto ignorant people that Canada is not a frost-bound country.

Hon. Mr. Tarte has been severely criticized for doing in Rome as the Romans do, and for talking in France as the French talk. I think it will be evident before the World's Fair in Paris closes, that his talking has been for Canada's good, and certainly he has not either the intention or the influence to damage the British Empire while ingratiating himself and advertising our country among the people from whom his forefathers came. We must judge

ism must be relied upon to produce results. Organizations have been handled by corrupt and self-interested people to the point where those who are best intentioned resent the direction of a few self-elected leaders who are continually telling them what to do and selling the services of all the people they can direct to the nearest political or municipal boss.

THE birth and progress of snide mining schemes was much commented upon when nearly everybody had a mining project, which he assured the confiding public to be the finest thing on earth. A vast amount of money was invested in these schemes, largely in smallish amounts, but in many instances representing the entire savings of the investors. When complaint was made that no developments were in sight and no dividends were being paid, no reports even furnished to investors, Patience was counselled by those having the matter in hand, and the "suckers" were sneeringly told by the sharps to wait and give them a chance. There has been a great deal of waiting done, and the chance to make anything by the holders does not loom up worth a cent.

The worst feature in the whole matter appears to be that many of the companies nominally officered by leading business men and having directors who ought to have known better than to permit such a course to be followed, have had no regular meetings, no trustworthy books, and some of them no bank accounts, all the money coming in remaining in the hands of the mining brokers who carried the transaction through. There ought to be some system of inspecting companies of this sort. Some come here with charters obtained in British Columbia, Washington Territory, and even New Jersey, and the Ontario Government should practically, as well as theoretically, watch these people as well as those holding Ontario charters. Even the latter, I am told, are not much better than the rest, but even if the money could not be restored to those from whom it has been taken, further inroads into the money saved by the people of Toronto and Ontario could be prevented, and some of those who have been benefited by these wildcat enterprises either made to disgorge or be punished. Some of the schemes, no doubt, were honestly inaugurated; some of the companies were hoodwinked by prospectors and promoters, and did everything in their power to make their schemes go. In nearly every case these men were the victims, not the beneficiaries, of a mistaken investment. Those, however, who do not come under this class and who have simply used the public as lambs whom they consider to be proper food for wolves, should be made to get a very "swift move" on themselves. The trouble appears to be that those who have lost their money in practically fraudulent transactions are unaware of any resources which they possess for righting the wrong done them, or to punish those who have injured them.

A LETTER from Rev. E. S. Rowe, recently a Methodist pastor in this city, and now in charge of a church in Victoria, B.C., urges me not to forget the "yellow question" as it affects the province in which he is now a citizen. He says, "It is the most important question, in my opinion, that this country has to settle. I am not yet fully seized of all the facts, but I have learned two things: That the people here are very much in earnest about the matter, and feel very keenly the apparent indifference or opposition of the people in the East. They very bitterly resent the charge of selfishness and lack of Christian sentiment in re their attitude toward these foreigners. As far as I can judge, I feel that the future of this province is involved in the settlement of the question. If there is to be a representative white population here having a sturdy middle or lower class, then it is certain that the Japs and Chins must be excluded, or 'Angloized,' and the latter will be possible only in the event of limited importations. Up to the present, it appears as if the digestive organs of the national body are not capable of converting the yellow men into citizens, and hence the attempt results in weakening rather than in the strengthening of the body politic, and does not improve the quality or the usefulness of those upon whom the attempt has been made. I need not complete the simile—you know what happens to food that does not become blood. Well, the result of the social effort upon the Orientals is an enormous increase of very repulsive social excreta. Our critics, of course, will lay the blame on our weak digestive organs—very well, grant that we are defective—it is to be cured we must be treated to a 'dose' of Abolitionism, or at least a rigorous diet. One thing is certain, the Chinaman will not assimilate, and the only alternative is as to the future color of the population of this province. It cannot be both, and it will not be a 'cross'—however I may have the intention of saying more than this in the service of the Dominion it is important that the people in the East should be enlightened in re this question, and that holding the views expressed in the paragraph I refer to, you are in a position to contribute to this very desirable result. I venture to hope, therefore, that you will do so, for I am quite certain that the future permanent prosperity of British Columbia is bound up in the matter."

Unfortunately for Canada, the interests of the various peoples who make up our provinces do not yet appear to be at all identical. The differences of race and religion are great, but the differences which arise out of the vast distances between the various communities and the geographical and commercial divergences are greater still. When a good thing is proposed for British Columbia the other provinces and territories at once put on their thinking cap as to whether that will be a good thing for them. There is no doubt in the world that the "yellow question" is the problem of our Pacific Coast provinces. When, however, a proposition is made such as I outlined last week, that present British trade must come to Canadian ports, British Columbia may not feel that it is in its interests that the already long and hard line of goods should be increased. The Maritime Provinces, I am sure, would hail with delight the settlement of the transportation and last Atlantic services by means of the method I proposed. Quebec and Ontario may not see it in the same light, yet their opposition would be similar. I imagine, as compared with the opposition which might develop in all the Western provinces.

In the East, we are apt to feel no particular concern as to what colored people populate British Columbia, so long as there will ultimately be found there a population taking its goods from Eastern manufacturers and distributors. British Columbia, on the other hand, is but slightly concerned as to whether we have a Canadian winter port or send our goods to and receive them from Boston, Portland, and New York. Bearing these facts in mind, it behooves the whole of Canada to settle on some policy which in all its bearings is acceptable to all the people. That policy, it seems to me, is that of strictly minding our own business and evading such outside complications as may force us into being local and temporizing in our attitude, not only with foreign countries, but as regards the relations of one province or community with another.

Since Great Britain has declared herself to be opposed to the dismemberment of China, and stands with the United States in this matter, it certainly seems as possible for Great Britain to declare a policy for the exclusion from its colonies, where such colonies demand exclusion, of the Chinese, as for the United States to persist in the same line of action. If Great Britain will only cease trying to force missionaries upon China, she will be able to abandon the policy of admitting Chinamen into her own realms. The trade policies of both countries can remain as they are, open and free—tariffs alone restricting—as to the whole world, without forcing any section of our people upon the Chinese or permitting the Chinese to intrude themselves into the country that we are trying to preserve for ourselves.

In the matter of demanding that preferential trade between ourselves and Great Britain shall only exist on the basis of the favored goods of Great Britain directly entering the ports of Canada, the same important policy to which I have referred holds good. Canada is giving preferential trade to Great Britain not only for the good of that country, but for the good of the Dominion. The good of the



THE LATE J. J. WITHROW.

Dominion demands that that trade shall create a fast Atlantic service, and build up seaports on Canadian soil which have direct communication with the commercial heart of this country, without passing through any other country. We have long had a policy of Canada for the Canadians and found it too small, but we can continue it on the basis of Canada for the Canadians with a preference to Great Britain when Canadian interests are served.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, NOT FAITH CURE," is the title of a somewhat lengthy communication I have received, protesting against a phrase used in the paper last week. "An alleged faith cure." The writer does not ask for its publication, and I admit that the cures which he says have been performed in Toronto are marvelous. I have heard of equally wonderful results which diseased people have found at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, where hundreds of crutches are piled in a pyramid to show how many have gone away relieved of their ailments. I do not deny the truth of either report, but it is impossible for me to be sponsor for the credibility of either. Doubtless there are many laws of nature which we do not understand, many unrevealed forces which occasionally surround us, and therefore argument fails and Faith takes its place. As faith in these things seems to be more or less of an accident, or at least the result of education, it would be useless for "Saturday Night" to either attempt to controvert statements which are without the slightest doubt made by those believing them to be true, or to urge that such faith should take the place of prevalent systems. Demonstrations of the ability of the Christian Scientists to do what they claim will increase this faith. Proofs that the pilgrimages to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre are effectual in the cure of disease will extend the faith in that remarkable church and its presiding saint. Failure on the part of either or both organizations to make these demonstrations will cause a falling off of even the faith which exists, and I presume there is nothing for us to do but await the progress of events, hoping that faith will be triumphant.

IT is pleasant to hear from the "Cape Colony Register" that the Canadians in South Africa have apparently taken things as they found them and refused to join in any outcry when things were not quite up to their liking. The "Register" takes strong grounds against the management of the hospital and ambulance corps, but it says: "We are able to give the opinion of a Canadian officer who has been in no less than ten different hospitals—suffering at one time from wounds, at another from fever—on the management of these institutions. The officer referred to makes no complaint; he considers he has been particularly fortunate in his medical attendants and attendance all through. 'But,' says the Canadian, 'if there is anything that could be improved it is not the medical men. They are without exception a most efficient, hard-working and conscientious body of practitioners who, by the way, are by no means overpaid for the terribly hard work that falls to their lot. The orderlies are the stumbling block. They are not expected to be so tender and devoted, and certainly not so skillful in their nursing as, say, the regular certificated hospital nurse. They are Tommies, with many of the faults and failings of their class.' It never occurred to our informant to expect great things from them, and he has certainly not been disappointed."



THE marriage of Miss Yda Louise Milligan, third daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Milligan, of Bromley House, Dovercourt road, and Mr. Lester Weaver, of Hespeler, took place in St. Anne's church, Dufferin street, on Wednesday afternoon, at half-past four o'clock, the rector, Rev. J. McLean Ballard, being the officiating clergyman. Miss Milligan was led in and given away by her father, and a smart and select company of invited guests, with the usual church full of interested onlookers, as was to be expected when the bride is so well known and esteemed, were present to witness the happy event. Miss Milligan looked very handsome in her rich bridal robe of lustrous satin, with chignon, point lace collar, and sashes and dainty trimmings. Her veil was worn off the face, and she carried a lovely bouquet of roses, sweet peas, and ferns. The groom brought a handsome younger brother as his best man, and also a very graceful and pretty dark-eyed sister was one of the four bridesmaids. Miss Helen Milligan was maid of honor, and her white frock was touched with canary color, while the four bridesmaids, the Misses Kathleen and Beatrice Milligan, Miss Tottie Nicoll, and Miss Myra Weaver, were also in white, with beautifully embroidered gowns and sleeves, and very smart shell pink ribbons. All five wore tulle veils, with dashing butterfly boxes of the ribbon to match their gowns. The sweetest, daintiest and most fetching little page and flower girl followed the bride, little Miss Tiny and Master Jack Hilton, her niece and nephew. The wee girl wore a gray hat of white, and a simple and pretty white dress, and the small boy was much admired in a snowy suit, with white Tann's Shantar. The guests were ushered by Mr. Jack Eddis, Mr. Dockray, Dr. Thistle, and Mr. Brown, and included a smart group of the groom's relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mrs. S. S. McDonnell, Mrs. Lynd, who is just home from the Continent, Mrs. Hayck Garrett, Mrs. Allan Aylesworth, Mrs. J. S. Thompson, and Miss Allie Thompson, Miss Maude Givins, Miss Headley, Dr. Lehmann, Mr. George Grote, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Miss Burnham, of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Chris Baines, Captain Whitla, Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Chadwick, Mr. W. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Brodie, Major and Mrs. Greville Harston, and several others. The awful heat decided many of the guests to reserve their depleted forces for an appearance at the reception later in the day, when the bride and groom received the warmest good wishes, in literal truth, with which ever a married pair started in the new life. It was a pretty scene on the green hillside within the charming grounds of Bromley House, when the

guests arrived, and having entered the cool drawing-room and shaken hands with the happy pair, they quickly found their way to the north lawn, where a bounteous and beautifully decorated table awaited them. The flag of old England draped the boundaries of the green stretch of turf, and the snowy table, crowned with odoriferous white carnations and glittering with silver and crystal, looked quite a picture. Down in the grassy ravine, the Army and Navy Veterans' band played very finely for the daughter of their president and the man of her choice, and the guests much enjoyed their fine selections. The grand array of gifts were displayed down stairs, and included some very fine silver, a complete tea service from Miss Alice Milligan, of Long Island, the bride's eldest sister, and an exquisitely jewelled watch from the bridegroom. Miss Milligan wore a New York gown of black crepe de chine, perfectly made, and a black chiffon hat. The bride's mother looked very handsome in a black gown relieved with white, and a pretty bonnet. Mrs. Frank Hilton wore a white and black striped gown, with delicately fine black lace guimpe and sleeves. Mrs. Lynd wore black, relieved with white. The Hespeler party were all smartly dressed, one dainty lavender and white gown, and hat to match, being notably becoming to its handsome wearer. Mrs. Alfred Wright and Miss Burnham were very pretty in their airy summer gowns and chapeaux, and Miss Givins looked refined and handsome in pale grey, with tiny ruffles of chiffon and black hat trimmed with violets. Miss Headley also looked well, and wore a most becoming picture hat in black and white. One of the prettiest dresses, and worn, as usual, perfectly, was Mrs. Harley Roberts' white and black gown. Mrs. Holland wore a pretty dove grey, and black and white chapeau. Mr. and Mrs. Weaver left for their honeymoon by the Eastern train, and will reside in the town of Hespeler.

The Rev. Sutherland Macklem and Mrs. Macklem, who have been with Mrs. Becher at Sylvan Tower, are now settled in their new home in Rosedale, the house formerly occupied by Mr. James Henderson in Glen road.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem and their children have returned to town from a short stay on the Island. Mrs. Charles Fleming, of Streatham House, and her sons, are summering at Georgian Bay.

The storks left a little daughter at Cloynewood a few days ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins are receiving congratulations on her arrival. Mr. Sherwood Hodgins, of the Royal Navy, is home on short leave, and was in town this week, visiting his father at Cloynewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock and their family, who returned from the Old Country to their home in Queen's Park recently, have welcomed their son, Major Brock, and Mrs. Brock, home, and have the pleasure of a visit from them just now.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Burritt spent the holiday at Niagara. Their pretty new house is almost finished, and will be ready for their occupancy in a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh, and their family, will be home very shortly after a sojourn in Europe. Mr. Gordon Osler has been one of a jolly party of bachelors at the Island this summer, and has been one of the brightest and most enthusiastic of the "duck brigade," as they call those young men who dance and loaf at the Yacht Club in snowy white trousers every Monday evening. Last Monday, though the mercury was in the nineties, the duck brigade danced as if the atmosphere was ideally cool.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lucie Bridgman, daughter of Mrs. Edward Bridgman, of Bhieri Tal, India, and formerly of Toronto, to Mr. Herbert Huntley Shaw, D.C., of the Indian Civil Service, Budaon. The marriage will take place in December next.

Miss Hill, of Toronto, and her party of young ladies, who are now travelling in Europe, were very fortunate the other day in having a private view of Her Majesty the Queen, at whose request they only were present in the quadrangle of Windsor Castle when she was about to take her morning drive in the park. They had a special message from the Queen to tell them just where she wished them to stand, and as she drove off, in passing them, she bowed and smiled most graciously to each in turn. Besides Miss Hill, the party consists of Miss Florence Ray, of Ottawa, the Misses Gertrude and Aline Carey, of Hamilton, Miss Daisy Wright, of Port Huron, Mich., and Miss Mina Porteous and Miss Elizabeth Jaffray, of Toronto.

Mr. L. P. Brodeur, Deputy Speaker, was in town last week, and was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Magann. Mr. and Mrs. Roy, of Montreal, spent the Civic Holiday in Toronto, and dined at the Hunt Club with Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Magann.

Mrs. Grant Ridout is at Port Hope. Mrs. George Macdonald and her mother, Mrs. Crozier, are at Long Branch. Mr. McBoone Oliver is spending some time with his aunt, Mrs. Carveth, at her cottage at Bowmanville.

A very pleasant canoeing picnic was enjoyed by a pretty party of young people at the Humber on Saturday, chaperoned by Mrs. Irving Cameron.

Mrs. and Miss Eva Glass have come down from London, and are at 28 Wilcox street. Many friends will be glad to know that Mr. Glass, who was in China, has written to say that having received warning to leave, as the Boxers were making demonstrations, he did so, and took steamer from Shanghai on June 13th for Hong Kong. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Glass are home again in London, after spending the winter abroad.

Miss Maybe, the guest of Mrs. Massey at Center Island, wins much admiration for her sweet unaffectedness and brightness. There are a very large number of pretty girls at Center Island this year.

The escape of Miss Dollie Kemp, Mr. Charlie Sweatman, and Mr. Ardagh from drowning, sent a thrill of thankfulness through hundreds of hearts. While sailing in a canoe they were upset, and the bright little belle of many a merry party, with her two smart young cavaliers, was in the lake for half an hour before the Ward lifeboat took them out. Everyone is joyous over their escape.

Finland's Despairing Cry.

The icy eastern blasts, which threaten to carry before their career every trace of the ancient freedom with which this poor country of Finland has hitherto been blest, have now penetrated into the office of this journal. With this number the "Nya Press" ceases to appear, strangled by the frigid grip of the Russian censor. The fate which has befallen us at the hands of our taskmasters awaits every champion of free speech in Finland.—"Nya Press," Finland.

"Death, my friend," quoth the departing poet, "have you really got a sting?" And Death smiled and said, "As soon as your breath is well out of your body, my lad, a person who shall be nameless will edit your poems for you, and bring out an edition with your name and his name on the title-page, and with an 'appreciation' of you by him in front of your finest ode." And the departing poet became very pale indeed.



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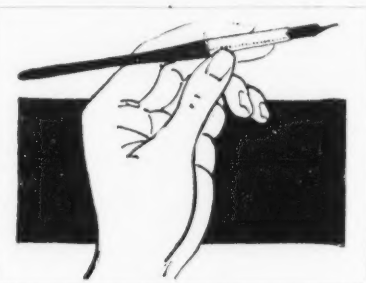
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The Stirring Up of Billy Williams

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,
In *Atlanta's Magazine*.

MAJOR Crawford hurried down the dilapidated steps and through the gateless gap in the fence. He stopped once and looked back upon the unattractive little cottage. An imprecation escaped him.

"And it has come to this," he groaned. His pace, when he resumed his journey, was overcast by his thick-set form, and his face took on a crimson flush. Once he paused and turned entirely round, calling, "Aleck!" He remembered, and in the usual Crawford formula, blamed Aleck for being elsewhere.

Bud Jenkins, sitting low and loosely in the saddle, reined up his mount to a walk beside him. The major took his presence as a matter of course, and with but a look at him, continued along the indignant argument surging in his mind.

"Come, sir, of mating a dove with a jay bird. Frances Crawford in a place like that! One child starving, sir, and one dead—God!" He choked and sobbed. "I'd have forgiven him for stealing her affections from me—for robbing me, sir, robbing me: I'd have forgiven him for his base mis-use of my hospitality; but for this crime, this silence toward me when my own flesh and blood was perishing for food—"

"Food—ble—mashor, food!"

"Why, sir, Billy Williams hasn't contributed one cent to her support in two years. I'm told, and she hasn't right now the bare necessities of life. And she refuses, positively refuses, to come home with me and let the child be cared for. Says she'll not leave the set and dead-bird while he lives, that the seed of the righteous will never be found heeding bread!"

Vowels failed the major. His wrath exploded in consonants. He mistook his companion's silence for a protest. "Never, sir, never! I'll take her. I'll take the child; but if Billy Williams ever puts his foot in my house, I'll wring his worthless neck so he'll—"

"Why don't you talk to him—ble—mashor, with the back on?"

Major Crawford stopped short and looked up amazed into the beaming face of his companion, striking the ground angrily with his cane.

"And who the devil, sir, do you think you are advising in his private affairs?" Then his whole manner changed. "Bud, did you do me a favor?"

"Glad to communicate you any time. Want anything, sir, on Bud Jenkins?"

"I want you, sir, the next time you see him in a crowd to tell him what the people think of him. Stir up a spark if you can. French to him, browbeat him, blackguard him. I'll do it myself. But I'd kill him too, if he came within reach of my stick. Do it for me, Bud?"

"He'll hear the truth one time, mashor. If there's anything I natchly dislike it's a drunkard."

The major's straight mouth relaxed a trifle. "So say I!" he exclaimed. "Good-by, Bud. Stir him up, if you can. Bud—tell him up, if you can. Frances Crawford, it may help Frances. The set remark was his excuse to himself."

If any visitor to Gordon before the Civil War wished to amuse himself violently and to frequently happened that a visitor sought violent amusement had only to step to the middle of the main street, slap his thighs, and shout:

"This procedure, in certain parts of Georgia, meant in brief, 'I am the best man in town, and I can whip any man of my weight.' Generally the amusement began immediately."

In those almost forgotten days every county had its bully, or "best man," who, as a rule, paradoxical as it may seem, was the best man—an individual who fought his way to the top and name, willingly admitted that there was more to be done. Sometimes this bully was a resident of the town, sometimes of the county only, maintaining his supremacy in town by occasional visits to keep his memory green and the eyes of his antagonists black. On his visiting days there was sure to be excitement, and men kept watch for the first indications of it.

No resident disputed Bud Jenkins' claim to rule as the "best man" in Gordon, when he chose to favor the little town with his presence, an honor which he conferred usually about once a month—whenever his periodic thirst and desire to mix with his fellow-men impelled him. At such times he rode into town from his one-horse farm, dignified, companionable, and polite to a painful degree. Heathed his horse to the public rack and proceeded industriously to renew his acquaintance with everybody and everything, including, of course, John Bayleymore's most spiritual assemblage. Generally by eleven o'clock he began, by sundown and sundown, which had been carefully cultivated and brightened, and then most of the clerks and merchants showed a disposition to withdraw from the public gaze. But when Bud had found a man willing to encounter his belittling smile, he poured forth into the street and formed a ring around the combatants. The fracas ended they for no time in congratulating their champion, whom they earnestly dejected and providing him with refreshments. Sometimes, in the flush of this combative popularity, Bud gave a second performance; but usually one sufficed to bid his soul with gladness and send him home waving in his saddle.

There came a day, a memorable summer day, when the town of Gordon, dazed in the shade, and the common affairs of life seemed to be suspended. Men sat under wooden awnings and in the shade of trees, idling, dreaming

over ancient gossip or items of news which had drifted in by the one daily train. It was a day for pain fans and siestas—the last day one would soberly choose for action. Bud Jenkins arrived on this hot day from Macon, in the bag end of a prolonged spree. Tying his horse, he proceeded, without preliminaries, to relight the fires of his indignation at the nearest bungalow, and, having succeeded, betook himself, with a trail as tortuous as a snake fence, to the middle of the street, where he began to challenge the universe in prolonged cock-calls and war-whoops.

The idle groups upon the streets, hearing these well-known sounds, melted away, without other comment than, "There's Bud!" The only person visible two minutes after the first warning was Billy Williams, who kept his seat on a box under a grocery awning, whistling lazily, smoking his pipe, and preserving his usual meek and melancholy silence—the silence of the man who has learned to regard himself as inferior.

Billy's bloated face was an epitaph; but epitaphs are seldom acceptable biographies, and Billy's biography is necessary to the story of this famous day in Gordon.

His mother had been a member of a proud family, and was distant kin to Major Crawford. She married the overseer of her father's plantation, and was disinherited. But she managed to give Billy a collegiate education, and to leave him a bit of endowment. Billy sold the land, and adding the proceeds to his savings, found himself possessed of a thousand dollars; then he made his first appearance at Woodstock and enlisted the major's sympathies, which meant a liberal backing in a grocery store in Gordon. At first Billy prospered, certain inherent qualities made him popular with all classes. Success made him welcome at Woodstock, and the major, after the fashion of men, was blind. He opened his eyes one day when the truth became apparent: Frances loved the easy, agreeable young merchant. There was a storm—such a storm as Aleck declared had never before broken over the Woodstock family circle, and as Frances' mother had decided, she, obeying the promptings of her heart blindly, resentful of insults to the man whom she had chosen, she went sadly away. Frances having passed from him, the proud old planter settled back, silent, childless, lonely, to live the old life over.

Billy was succeeding, but his system of credit had never encountered a year of cheap cotton, and such a year ruined him. In the meantime he had become a too frequent patron of the "wet goods," which every grocery then included in its stock, and his ruin was complete. There was a year or two of spasmodic fits of reform, marked by successive failures, and then, without will-power, or manhood, or self-respect, he entered the ranks of the hopeless.

Frances made a brave struggle, her needle being like Fitz-James' blade, both sword and shield. But the odds were too great. Her furniture disappeared piece by piece, her clothing grew scant and pathetic, and her children suffered for lack of food. Then her baby died; of fever it was said; of impoverished blood it was.

Billy Williams was thinking of this last sad fact that summer day, as he sat and whistled, his weak eyes focused upon his knife. So complete was his demoralization that people had forgotten he was once thrifty, and was old and in despair. They knew him as Billy Williams, son of a poor man, as Billy Williams, son of a poor man, as Billy Williams, son of a poor man.

For as he sat, dreaming of the sadness of his life, suddenly his hat was slapped from his head, and he heard Bud Jenkins talking with violent familiarity above him. Bud was enraged, in the blind, unreasoning way of a drunken man, over his failure to find a victim, and over what he regarded as the insolence of Billy Williams in retaining his seat when all the town had run to cover. Moreover, he was

under contract to preach to Billy "with the back on."

"Take off that hat," he cried, "you low-down, red-face — hic — drunken loafer! What'd you mean by wearin' a hat in this town, you ragged sot? Drop that pipe," and Billy's briar-wood disappeared under a left-handed blow from the bully. "What right've you got to be settin' that smokin' pipe, an' yo' family at home needin' food, you mangy houn?" Bud took his victim by the ear and dragged his head around in a circle. "Git up! I'm goin' to take you 'cross my knee an' spank you till you have er rush o' blood to the head! Git up, sir!"

When his ear was released, Billy was mute and white. The store doors were flying with wondering spectators. Bud Jenkins, jumping on poor old Billy Williams, 190 pounds against 130, an athlete against a physical wreck—Bud must indeed be drunk!

"Look at 'im gentlemen!" continued the bully, thrilled by his own invective. "Look at 'im! That he sets, a thing what the papers call a man. He marts up to my chest, an' he's got the prettiest woman in Georgia—Crawford at that—an' now he's lookin' at 'im! He done robbed her of every chance in life; done disgraced herself, an' he's an' her chillun, an' starved 'em. It's the low-down N'ik Williams blood in 'im—a-croppin' out. He ain't inebriated, he's a man's blood. Last week he was in my desert, an' he was the want of food as from fever; an' if it had n't been for his neighbors, the women, he'd have to bury her in her little old nightgown, for want of decent clothes. An' here he sets smokin' an' loarin', ready to drink if some-body 'll treat an' then so home an' eat the few crumbs his wife pull for—lost him!"

The amazed crowd looked on breathlessly. Bud Jenkins, preaching! Billy Williams was shrinking back, lifting one hand appealingly, while with the other he hurriedly shut his knife and put it in his pocket.

"For God's sake, don't, Bud!" he whispered. He turned to the curious crowd with trembling lips. Who did he mean? Why should that man be standing over him and denouncing him? Why did not somebody say a word in his defence? There was a time when he was popular, when he had money and friends. He had only been unfortunate; he had lost his property, and there was now no chance for him. Surely everybody knew that. But there was a woman in the crowd. The faces turned toward him did not seem friendly. A great light broke over him. He saw himself as they all saw him. He saw Billy Williams through the eyes of Bud Jenkins, the drunken bully; through the eyes of the careless, indolent people around him. He saw the facts of his life, in their true order for the first time. They had come to him so gradually that their ugly nakedness had not impressed him. Now, through these cruel eyes, he saw his failures and his misdeeds in proper perspective. At the farther end of his vision was one self, at this end another. What sadness lay between! The former faded away like a fair dream; the other remained, a hideous nightmare.

"Don't, don't!" he repeated. He was kneeling now, his face hidden.

"Don't what?" cried the bully.

"Don't tell you the truth? You white-livered, creepin' worm. I'll tell you more of it. If there was a man in this town who was half a man, he would have kicked your ugly carcass out of it long ago. And the women!" said Bud, sarcastically, "nice sort of women they are, nice sort of women, to herd with a set of cowardly snakes. Do you hear me, you Gordon houn?"

He shouted the reckless fellow, looking around and seeing at last a chance for a fight. "I say if the men of this town want to sneaks an' the women want to sneaks, they have drag this here bull to the creek an' drown 'im. I sunk it with a rock long ago. I'm the best man in Georgia, I'm a whole team. I can mind the gap and keep out sixty steers with one hand. Come and see me. Whoop! Whoop—ee-ee!"

Bud had forgotten all about his cringing victim and the reform movement, and he was now slapping his thigh and crowing loudly.

They came, one by one, and secret places, men big and little, old and young, throwing off their coats and rolling up their sleeves; and Bud would soon have had them upon him like so many hornets, for he had transgressed an unwritten law of Georgia: he had insulted womanhood; he had belittled even the bulge's code. Anger filled the air, and somebody mentioned a rope. He was beginning to retreat and expostulate, when a strange thing happened. Billy Williams arose and stood between the angry crowd and its victim, pale and trembling with excitement. As he lifted his hand and began to speak, the major, walking heavily, approached the outskirts of the crowd and looked upon the scene.

"Fellow-citizens," Billy was saying, "wait a minute! It's my fight. When I am done you can have your turn. Stand back!"

The amazement of the crowd brought silence, and then the tension was relaxed by a burst of laughter. Bud Jenkins drew back from the speaker in mock alarm.

"Don't let 'im hit me, boys, don't let 'im do it. Goodness, but I wouldn't let that man hit me for a million dollars. Noddy Smith, Aleck Thomas, Jim Anders, keep him off o' me, if you please." The huge, ungainly form of Jenkins edged about in the crowd as he spoke. It was good policy to make a test of the matter. Then he came out and walked slowly around the erect, frail form of his antagonist as if in awe, bending over and gingerly touching him on the thighs and calves.

"My!" he cried, "I'd mos' as soon be hit by a line as to run against this man. Jim Anders," he continued, plaintively, "when he gets through with me, have me put in a coffin, won't you? Don't leave none of my pieces layin' around this county, Jim, if you please."

Again the crowd laughed. But gradually under the silent influence of the erect form and its strange dignity, the levity passed away and Bud Jenkins ceased to babble. Then Billy Williams spoke.

"It is all true about me, my friends—if I may call my friends now. I am not going to fight him for telling

you the truth. I don't mind his slapping my hat off or knocking my pipe. I am not fit to wear a hat where gentlemen are, and I oughtn't to smoke. If I buy tobacco, I rob my family; and if I do not, I rob you. While he was calling me all these names, I couldn't resent it, because I knew all of a sudden just how it looked to him and to you. Even what he said about the little girl—and Billy Williams waited for strength to proceed—was true. I couldn't have helped it when the time came. She died because—because—her father—drank." The last word was whispered with an awful emphasis. Something had touched deeply the sluggish heart, and awakened again to life a manhood that had fallen sleep long years before. He repeated the word almost inaudibly—"drank." His chin rested upon his breast, and his features worked convulsively. The scene was more than even Bud Jenkins could endure.

"Oh, well, Billy, I oughtn't—" he began.

But instantly the moving features froze to iron. "Hold!" cried Billy. "Hold, sir! You're a coward, an' I knew it would crop out at last. It isn't because you told that—that's no, Budles, that was too true to fight about. But over my little baby for two weeks some of the kindest women God ever breathed upon—women of this town—hung night and day, doing their best for her. They and some good men, my neighbors, stood by us at the grave. You, sir, have led about these people, and I have received too much at their hands not to resent it. He was taking off his coat. "I reckon you have got brute strength enough to kill me, but you have got to kill me here to-day, or eat the cowardly words you have spoken. You slandering hound!"

The men stood face to face, Billy trembling with excitement, Bud white with rage and astonishment, and around them were nearly all the men in Gordon. At this moment, but un-noticed by either principal, the major, reading hastily the intention of the bully, broke through the ring.

"It's a shame!" he cried. "Hands off, gentlemen, hands off! Let no man dare hold me!"

He was too late. Bud Jenkins, who had already violated Machiavelli's great law in undervaluing his own strength, had violated a good old Georgia proverb which reads: "Never slap a man. If you have cause to slap him, you have cause to knock him down. Slip him and you give him cause to knock you down." Half doubting the evidence of his senses, Bud slipped violently with his left hand at his antagonist's face—and missed him! For, lowering his head slightly, Billy avoided the clumsy blow; then, with immense energy and quickness, he rushed under his enemy's outstretched arm, clasped him around the thighs, lifted him clear of the ground, and threw him heavily backward. It was an old college trick, but what followed was not. It was all backwoods—born of the N'ik Williams blood, possibly. In an instant he was upon the astonished bully, a wild-cat in fury, beating his writhing features. It was fearful punishment, but it was the only argument for a brute. Extending their arms right and left, the crowd circled and swayed round the struggling forms, cheering on the smaller man and howling over the amazing scene. Suddenly the voice of Bud Jenkins was heard imploring mercy, and appealing to the by-standers to "take him off." The fingers of the furious conqueror were tearing at the features of his helpless victim.

"Take it back!" cried Billy. "Take it back, you coward!"

"Take it back!" moaned the vanquished brute.

The spectators cheered and Major Crawford split the air with a Comanche yell.

"Say you lied!" he shouted.

"I lied." The fatal words, the abetting formula of a defeated bully, came faintly back.

The frantic crowd cheered again, and danced, and hugged one another ecstatically. Bud Jenkins, moaning and being nearly to the ground, his hands clasping his lacerated face, was seized by a friendly negro to the town pump. From that day—if he came again to that town—the vilest ear-splitting snap with impunity at his heels. Billy Williams picked up his hat, and, rising, found everybody's right hand extended to him.

Then Gordon received its second great shock. When Billy was enthusiastically invited by a score of citizens to celebrate his astonishing victory in a flowing bowl, he hesitated, and said "I thank you all, my friends, but I believe I will not drink any more."

The major had cooled off, and, somewhat ashamed, had taken himself to the outskirts of the crowd. Now he had his seat hurriedly down the street to the lively stable, gesturing and shaking his head, while his tears rolled down his cheeks. Aleck, who, seeing him approach, had ordered out "the blacks," and was superintending the ceremony of attaching them to the Crawford coach, paused in alarm when the major leaned his head against a stall.

"For the Lord sake, Major Crawford, what you cryin' 'bout, honey?"

"Hitch up those horses, Aleck," sobbed the major. "Don't you know a lough from a cry? Go on! Why, confound the fellow!" he said, "confound him!" And to think of him refusing a drink! The major was still laughing and crying when he hid himself in the coach. Four times on his long journey to Woodstock, he stopped acquaintance and told of the wonderful fight in Gordon. "Bud promised to strangle him up," he would add, wiping his eyes, "and he kept his word." And then he informed Aleck that "bud" would tell, even to the limits of relationship-in-law. "By gad, sir, they lashed the Crawford blood at last!"

"Don't look out," said Aleck, wagging his head.

A year after his memorable conflict, Billy Williams stopped as he entered his cottage gate at sunset, deeply engaged in thought. Somehow, until that moment he had not realized the full effect of the many changes in his recent life. Perhaps it was because he had been too busy a man. The hands extended to him over the fence came of his exploit and his modest bully had not been withdrawn. The

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bearing, and of his changed life, made him a sort of hero, and from all sides came encouragement. Slowly, painfully at first, the fight with himself, hard as it was at times, had been won. He had been a battleground for the unbridled passions and appetites of many years. And in this fight there were no cheers; the public did not see the real struggle; only one woman knew.

On this day, when he stood at the gate, how fair were all the environments of his new life—the vine-sheltered porch, roses in profusion, and all the old-time garden glories. The gate no longer swung disconsolately on hinges; the paint was not cracked and curled on the cottage wall. Peace, prosperity, happiness, were visible everywhere. His merry boy romped and shouted at play.

Major Crawford came out of the house and greeted him cordially. "I have a five years' lease on the state store," he said, simply, "suppose you let it again."

Then presently he cried out: "Aleck! Where is that trifling vagabond? If my eyes fall much more, I'll lose him for good!"

Aleek was only six feet away, balancing the little boy on the fence and babbling happily. "Hit ain't goin' ter more 'n er week ter bre' er pale goats to de same wagon, honey, an' den you goin' ter drive creation! An' if you wants fantail pigeons like yo' ma had, dere is oodles o' 'em flyin' round."

"Yes, sah!"

"Come, come! D'aboot, do about! We are all going up home for a while."

Not in the Negatives.

MANY ludicrous developments happen in the studio of a country photographer, and aside from what the chemist brings out in the dark-room, said a man who has photographed rustics for many years. "I recollect one First of July that a young farmer and his sweetheart came to me to have some tin-types taken together. I posed them on a flight of stairs, with a balustrade between them. When I came from my dark-room after developing the plate, the young fellow stepped up to me and said, 'Sa-ay, couldn't ye take that over again?'"

"Why, what's the matter? I asked in surprise."

"We ain't going to like that picture a bit," he answered evasively.

"But why not? I persisted."

"Well," he blurted out, blushing to the roots of his hair, "she's too danged fur off."

"He refused to pay fifty cents for a new sitting, so at last they bore away the tin-types as they were. But the next day he came back to my gallery very wrathful."

"Sa-ay," he fairly shouted when he saw me, "take that durned girl off this picture. I'm mad with her!"

"Often, when I hide my head under the cloth to get the focus, loving couples, confident that I cannot possibly see them, take advantage of the moment to kiss each other fervently, but with great silence. I remember too coming out of my dark-room one time to find a rustic with one of my bottles pouring a thick, dark liquid into the hollow of his hand. 'I guess you don't mind if I use a little of your hair-lube,' he said, and promptly rubbed the stuff into his hair. It was a varnish for negatives, made to dry and harden very rapidly, and before I could get that picture taken, hurrying feverishly, he had to go out and get his head shaved. It is hard to believe how green people can really be in this age and generation until a man drives a tin-type studio on wheels through the rural districts of our fair land."

This concluded the photographer.

The Brighton Milkman.

A Brighton milkman forgot one morning to water his milk. In the hall of the first customer the omission flashed upon his memory. A large tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side. No eye was upon him, and three times did he dilute his milk from it before the maid brought up her jugs. She was served, and the milkman went his way.

While he was following down the next area his first customer's footman beckoned to him from the door and asked him to see his Lordship in the library. There sat my Lord, who had just tasted the milk.

"Milkman," said his Lordship.

"My Lord," said the milkman.

"Milkman," continued his Lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would henceforth bring me the milk and water separately and allow me the favor of mixing them myself."

"Well, my Lord, it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your Lordship watched me while I—"

"No," interrupted the nobleman. "The fact is that my children bathe at home, and the tub in the hall was full of sea water, my man."—Pick-Me-Up.

Jack—Troubles never come singly. Mack—That's so; when we had our last baby my mother-in-law had to come and superintend.

The Khedive's Poetry.

Victoria the Good has received a whole flower garden of mellifluous complimentary addresses in her time; but the Khedive's poetic offering "takes the whole bakery" for high-toned sentiment. However, some of the ideas are very pretty, even allowing for translation into harsh English—

—as, for instance, verse 3: "Around thy Sacred Head do the Angels wreath their Love-garlands; Intwined with the Love-Jewels of human souls," etc. Anyone who knows the melodious ring of the Arabic tongue can well imagine how sweetly these words would sound in that harmonious language.

Aping the Tripper.

The ancient anthropoid ape heaved a sigh of inexpressible depth—the long, sobbing sigh of one who plainly sees inevitable wretchedness before him—as he aroused himself from his reverie.

"I must do it. There is no escape," he muttered resolutely, though the big tears welling from his mournful eyes proclaimed how much his decision cost him. "Farewell, happy freedom! Welcome, ye bonds of conventionalism! Here goes!"

With a few lithe bounds he gained the arboreal nursery, where his wife

was crooning their little ones to sleep with a forest lullaby.

"My dear," he said, unshaken by that scene of peace and comfort, "get yourself and the little monkeys ready as soon as you can. We're all going down to the seashore for a couple of weeks."

"What?" cried his wife, aghast. "Do you really mean that we're going to leave this cool, roomy, and convenient tree for some hot, crowded and stuffy sapling by the seaside?"

"I do," responded the anthropoid, firmly.

"What makes you do it, then?" demanded his wife.

"Why, my dear, I've been giving the matter my most serious consideration lately, and I've come to the conclusion that it is high time we began evolving into human beings," explained the anthropoid ape, sadly.

"And we might as well mark the plunge plainly by doing the silliest thing they will ever do,"—Answers.

The Female Maneuchreist.

Man is strong, but woman sweet; Man is forceful, woman neat. Man headlong wins the prize; Heartlonging woman, with her eyes, Subdues him straightway, right or wrong—

The soft and weak o'ercomes the strong. 'Tis man that makes the world go round; He is of force and fire the bringer; While woman simply stands her ground And twists him round her little finger.

Man will win by many blows; Woman wins him ere he knows; Man will find a way by thought; Woman knows where man knows naught. Man says "no" in angry tone, But woman smiles and it is done.

Yes, man was made to rule the race With his unconquerable vim; But woman holds a higher place. For she was made to cure him. —Modern Society.

Derivation of "Deadhead"

Apocryphal of the origin of the word "deadhead," about which there has recently been some controversy. Frederick Stanley says: "In the museum at Naples I was much interested in a case of theatrical tickets found in a tragic theater in Pompeii. They were made variously in bone, ivory and metal. You are aware, perhaps, that to this day the gallery of an Italian theater is called the pigeon loft. Well, the little tickets for this part of the auditorium were in the shape of pigeons, while varying devices were used for other parts of the house. What attracted my attention most curiously, however, was a set of diminutive skulls modelled in ivory. These were used solely by those having the right of free admission. Now, does this not suggest the very possible derivation of the term?"

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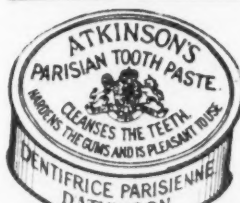
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'Twasn't Mark Twain.

Audience Took Temperance Lecturer for Famous Humorist.

MARK TWAIN is a good talker, and invariably prepares himself, though he skilfully hides his preparation by his method of delivery, which denotes that he is getting his ideas and phrases as he proceeds. He is an accomplished artist in this way. His peculiar mode of expression always seems contagious with an audience, and a laugh would follow the most sober remark. It is a singular fact that an audience will be in a laughing mood when they first enter the lecture room; they are ready to burst out at anything and everything. In the town of Colchester, Conn., there was a good illustration of this, the Hon. Deming Hornet having a most unpleasant experience at the expense of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to arrive. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled, expecting to hear Mark Twain. No one in the town knew Mr. Clemens, or had ever heard him lecture, and they entertained the idea that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those upon the platform, excepting the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a pen-name, and supposed his real name was Hornet.

Mr. Hornet bowed politely, looked about him, and remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman, in a whisper, if he was all right, and received "yes" for an answer. Then he said: "Rum says more than disease." Another, but louder laugh followed. He could not understand it, but proceeded: "It breaks up happy homes!" Still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to leath and hell!" Then came a perfect roar of applause. Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were poking fun at him, but went on: "We must crush the serpent!" A tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Then Hornet got mad. "What I say is Gospel truth," he cried. The audience fairly howled with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage and said: "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, ha, ha, ha!" it's intensely funny—ha, ha, ha, ha!" "You!" replied the roaring man. "This is an insult!" cried Hornet, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of, "Go on, Twain!" Then the chairman began to see through a glass darkly, and arose and quelled the merriment, and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly ceased laughing, and the folks in the audience looked sheepish, and they quit laughing, too, and then the excited Mr. Hornet, being thoroughly mad, told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated with fools and idiots, and having said that, he left the hall in disgust, followed by the audience in deep gloom. —Will M. Clemens in "Ainslee's."

Books, Books, But no Literature!

THE writer of a London letter in the New York "Evening Post" comments upon the literary situation in the Old Country as follows: "And the plentifulness of books. . . we have still to mourn the absence of literature. Time was when Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and Stevenson got something out of every year brought us something worth reading, something that stood out high above the pack, something that helped to sustain the standard of letters. Nowadays all this appears to be changed. The glory is departed. You have books, books, books, and seldom or never a real book among them. At the present moment in England the writers that count, from the strictly literary point of view, are fewer and feebler, perhaps, than they have been any time this century. If we except Swinburne and Meredith, whom have we left? Well, there is Mr. Henley, there are Mr. William Watson and Mr. Stephen Phillips, and there are Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and, perhaps, Mr. Robert Bridges, and, perhaps, Mr. Edgar Allan Poe. But, surely, if not of the immortal, and yet there is scarcely one who can be said to be producing anything."

Dealing with the younger poets, our contemporary marshals the facts thus: "Mr. William Watson has not published a book since 1898, in which year, significantly enough, his 'Collected Poems' were given to us. Mr. Watson has youth on his side, his name figures comfortably on the Civil List, he is understood to spend most of his time in 'Wordsworth's country,' and the net result is silence. Mr. Phillips, on the other hand, gave us last year 'Poets and Poets,' but, in his strict vocation of poet Mr. Phillips stopped short with the volume which contained 'Marjessie' and 'The Woman with the Dead Soul.' As for Mr. Le Gallienne, he is very busy book-making. He has published three separate volumes during the past three months, with 'business' writ large over at least two of them. Mr. Yeats, apparently, has given himself wholly to the Irish literary theater, and the production of that halfpenny issues of the organ of that theater, 'The Irish Review.' Of Mr. Davidson we have not heard since he published 'The Last Ballad.' Mr. Bridges has retired within himself, as it were; and Mr. Kipling, since

Base Ingratitude.
Flinging Blatancy.



"I have bad news for you, Emmy. Uncle Tobias has been speculating and has lost all his money."
"The ungrateful, horrid thing—after we went and named our child after him!"

1896, has written 'Captains Courageous,' 'The Day's Work,' 'Stalky & Co.,' and 'The Absent-minded Beggar.'"

"The truth would seem to be," adds our London letterwriter, "that the writer-fellows of this generation, always excepting, of course, the fictionists, lack staying power." This is a grave indictment, and it wanted to be formulated.

My Maids.

I've pictures of them all, I think, Estelle, Maud, and Missie Sue. And these two that I always link together, Madeline and Prue. They led me such a merry chase. As down Love's lane I chanced to rove; I've photographs of each sweet face—The many maids I designed to love!

Then Katherine my brain perplexed. For briefest spell; soon followed Nell—It's slipped my mind just who came next, If Margaret or Isabel—And then Hortense, whose rippling curls A nimbus seemed her brow above, Next found my gallery of girls—The many maids I designed to love!

I've Grace's photograph and Fay's. Some mounts were plain, some arabesque— I haven't looked at them for days— I guess they're somewhere round my desk!

But one sweet face, as large as life, Hangs on the wall where all may see: I introduce her as my wife— The maid who deigned to first love me! —"Town Topics."

Our Moon.

A widespread legend of great antiquity informs us that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who had been exiled there many centuries, and is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. This tradition, which has given rise to so many superstitions, is still preserved under various forms in most countries, but it has not been decided who the culprit originally was, and how he came to be imprisoned. Dante calls him Cain, Chaucer assigns exile as a punishment for theft, while Shakespeare loads him with thorns, but by way of compensation gives him a dog for a companion.

Political.

The orator of the meeting sat down after a very obscure sort of speech. A bright-looking man in the center of the hall asked what was meant by a particular phrase.

The orator, with withering scorn, said: "Oh, I cannot supply you with intelligence." "You are quite right, you can't," replied the questioner, and he sat down amidst the applause of his surroundings.

Knowledge of Food.

Proper selection of Great Importance in Summer.

The feeding of infants in hot weather is a very serious proposition, as all mothers know. Food must be used that will easily digest, or the undigested parts will be thrown into the intestines and cause sickness.

It is important to know that a food can be obtained that is always safe; that is Grape-Nuts.

A mother writes: "My baby took the first premium at a baby show on the 5th inst., and is in every way a prize baby. I have fed him on Grape-Nuts since he was five months old. I also use your Postum Food Coffee for myself." Mrs. L. F. Fishback, Alvin, Texas.

Grape-Nuts food is not made solely for a baby food by any means, but is manufactured for all human beings who have trifling or serious difficulties in stomach and bowels.

One especial point of value is that the food is predigested in the process of manufacture, not by any drugs or chemicals whatsoever, but simply by the action of heat, moisture and time, which permits the nature to grow, and change the starch into grape sugar for immediate assimilation.

Its especial value as a food, beyond the fact that it is easily digested, is that it supplies the needed elements to quickly rebuild the cells in the brain and nerve centers throughout the body.

Banquet to Mr. John Lawless.

THE vitality and esprit de corps that characterize the Independent Order of Foresters in all its activities were never more strikingly demonstrated than by the rousing banquet tendered by the headquarters' staff on Wednesday evening to Mr. Thomas Lawless, Assistant Supreme Chief Ranger, on the eve of his departure for Europe to promote the interests of the order. Fully 200 guests, a majority being ladies, were present in the beautiful banquet hall of the Temple Cafe at 8 o'clock, when the function began. For two hours merriment and good-fellowship were at their height.

Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger, presided, and in addition to the young ladies comprising the office staff, who numbered over 100, there were present—Mr. Thomas Lawless, the guest of the evening, and Mrs. Lawless; Mrs. Oronhyatekha, Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Collins, Major W. J. McMurtry, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Davey, Messrs. John A. McGillivray, J. W. St. John, William Laidlaw, Geo. Kappeler, B. Greer, London; Barlow Cumberland, C. A. Stone, G. A. Harper, A. T. Hunter, W. H. Hunter, George W. Gouinlock and James St. Clair. The large dining-room presented a beautiful appearance when the guests had all assembled. The tables were well arranged, and they were beautifully decorated. The Temple Cafe has recently been still further beautified by the addition of a large number of lovely jardinières from Benares, India, finger bowls from Egypt and Persia, and screens from Egypt, all purchased by Dr. Oronhyatekha at fabulous prices, expressly for Caterer Davey. The menu served on this occasion was equal in every respect to anything the cafe had heretofore produced, and warm were the encomiums showered upon the caterer.

Before the proceedings began a flash-light photograph of the company was taken by Lynde.

The toast list was short and the speeches well spoken. The speaking began about 9 o'clock, when Dr. Oronhyatekha arose to propose the health of the Queen. He paid a cordial tribute to her Majesty, and referred to the enthusiastic loyalty of Canadians. The toast was heartily honored, and a verse of the National Anthem was sung. The chairman then asked the guests to drink to the health of the army and navy, "particularly the Canadian volunteers." (Cheers.) He coupled with the toast the name of Major McMurtry, and made a few humorous allusions to the incidents arising in his own experience, covering a period of twenty years, as a volunteer.

"Our Guest" was the next toast to be honored, and in proposing this toast, Dr. Oronhyatekha made an eloquent and happy speech. In the course of his remarks he said: "We are gathered tonight to honor one of the earliest Foresters in the order; we are gathered tonight to bid Bro. Lawless good-bye on his departure for the Old Country. Mr. Lawless, as you are aware, is my first assistant Supreme Chief Ranger, and a more painstaking and more able or more kindly officer could not be found in existence in any institution. (Applause.) It was only this morning that word was sent around that if we could get enough contributions from the staff we would like to send Mr. Lawless away in a proper manner, and the 115 assistants to myself responded so cheerfully that within the half hour this gathering was an assured fact. From the highest to the lowest every member of the staff cheerfully said that it was richly deserved by our guest to-night. Mr. Lawless and myself have been working very intimately in the office, and I venture to say that no Chief has had so little trouble as I have had in the conduct of the business of the order so long as I have had Mr. Lawless at my elbow to assist me. (Applause.)"

Bro. Lawless is going to the London office to perform certain official duties there rendered necessary by the very great growth of the order in the United Kingdom, and I am asking him also to visit the French office at Paris and arrange certain matters, which will require to be arranged by

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reason of the fact that to-day the last step was taken for the completion of the licensing of the Independent Order of Foresters in France. (Applause.) So that to-day the Independent Order of Foresters is standing in France just as it is standing in this country, in respect to the law. What I mean is that the Government of France to-day—although we are regarded there in a measure as a secret society—has given its license to the Independent Order of Foresters to carry on its business in that great country."

After referring in some detail to the marvellous growth of the order in Europe, Australia and India, Dr. Oronhyatekha said: "Bro. Lawless, on behalf of the staff, I am requested to present you with this gold-headed cane. The cane represents the love and esteem which your colleagues and co-workers on the staff have for you personally and have for you as an officer of the Independent Order of Foresters. They are solicitous for your welfare, and I presume that the reason I was instructed to secure a gold-headed cane for you was that if it became necessary for you to walk home a part of the way you should have, at any rate, as far as we are concerned, as much help as is possible. (Laughter and applause.) I have had but one expression, as I have already intimated, from every member of the staff, and that is the most unbounded confidence in you, and affection and regard bordering almost upon reverence from those who have been associated with you in the great work of the order. I feel it an honor, sir, to be the medium through which this little token of regard is given to you. Be good enough to accept this, accompanied with the best wishes for you and your family from every member of the headquarters' staff of the Independent Order of Foresters." (Applause.)

After the toast had been duly honored, Mr. Lawless rose to reply. "Supreme Chief, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I can scarcely find words suitably to express my thanks for this very handsome token of your goodwill and esteem. I regard it as no small honor being thus remembered by those with whom I have been associated for periods of greater or less length, as I have been with most of you. Looking around this board tonight I can scarcely realize that all these good-looking young ladies and gentlemen are members of the headquarters' staff. It was not so many years ago that the headquarters of the Independent Order of Foresters were located in a single room in a very humble spot in the City of Hamilton. The staff consisted of the Supreme Secretary and one clerk. Shortly afterwards it was removed to London, and for a considerable time the staff was limited to the Supreme Chief Ranger, who transacted his business between times, while he was also attending to his professional duties; the Supreme Secretary and that one clerk. Presently there was another clerk added; then another, and another, until now we have somewhere in the neighborhood of 125. This growth in the staff of the order represents very aptly the growth in the order itself. Most of you know that somewhere about nineteen years ago we had only 300 members. To-day, as you have stated, sir, we have over 168,000 members. Then we had a deficit in our treasury of something over \$1000; to-day, as you have told us, we have a surplus of over \$100,000. This shows how rapidly we have grown, and so the staff has grown, in order to keep pace with the work caused by the extension of the order not only in this country, but throughout the whole world. I remember it was not very long ago that we crossed the ocean to Great Britain, and there, after a struggle, we have secured a strong foothold. Now we are in France. Recently you entered Egypt, and then India, and on to Australia, and I expect some of these days to find you tramping off to South Africa."

Dr. Oronhyatekha—Next year. (Applause.) Mr. Lawless—And if there be any other outlying sections of the country not covered now, I know you will be there, because you will not be well-

ned until the banner of Forestry floats round the world. I had that in mind, you know, when the pass-word for the current term was made up.

A voice—What is it? Mr. Lawless—You will find out. Now it would be perhaps cruel of me to keep you much longer, and I simply thank you again for this very warm expression of esteem and regard for myself, and I trust that when I come back to you after having fulfilled my mission on the other side of the Atlantic, I will find you as I left you—my friends, in whom I can have confidence, and who have confidence in me. (Loud applause.)

Other speeches were delivered by Major McGillivray, Messrs. H. A. Collins, J. W. St. John, William Laidlaw, Daniel Rose, and George Kappeler. After the banquet Mr. Lawless was escorted to the station by a large number of friends and the Royal Foresters' Trumpeter Band, under the command of Col. Stone.

Handcuffs Won't Hold Him.

Houdini, "the king of handcuffs," is giving an odd performance at a London theater. His entertainment consists in freeing himself from several pairs of handcuffs securely fastened. This apparently impossible feat he certainly performs in a moment, invariably emerging from behind his curtain with the steel bracelets pendant and unlocked. "I personally saw the handcuffs on his arms," says a writer in "Truth," "and, so far as one's eyes can be a witness, they were securely fastened, and a moment afterwards Houdini was free before the curtain, while the owners of the handcuffs produced their unnecessary keys with unfledged admiration of such prowess. Houdini publishes and presents to the audience letters of verification from numberless 'American' police officials, from which it appears that he has invariably been successful in escaping from all handcuffs, shackles, and even from what sounds like an instrument of torture—an 'Oregon boot.' Houdini would make a hard criminal for the police either to catch or to hold, but he doubtless finds more money in his present methods of holding up the public."

Her Song.

They had been engaged to be married fifteen years, and still he had not mustered courage enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a regular frame of mind, and asked her to sing something tender and touching—something that would "move him." She sat down at the piano and sang, "Darling, I am growing old."

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International Athletics.

BY GEORGE ORTON.

THE last two weeks have been productive of some of the greatest athletic performances that have ever been known. The Olympic games held in conjunction with the Paris Exposition drew all the best of the American athletes across the water. A taste of their grand quality was seen at the English championships, when, though handicapped by climate and fresh from a long sea voyage, the representatives of the New World carried off eight out of thirteen events. This was done against the best athletes of Great Britain and Ireland, and the result surprised them mightily. All of the visitors ran well excepting the distance men, including Orton and Grant, both Canadians. After their poor showing, the English distance men openly stated that the American distance runners were decidedly second-class, which was rather hard on such good men as the two mentioned above, Cregan, Bray, and Hall.

The New World sprinters opened their eyes, for in the final they finished in one, two, three, four order. A week later the men met again at Paris, and the American victories were more pronounced than ever. Out of twelve world's championships, America captured nine, England scoring two, and Hungary one. Out of twenty-one scratch events given, the Western Hemisphere was victorious in seventeen. Truly, it was a grand proof of the superior quality of the men of the New World.

The University of Pennsylvania team proved to be the greatest collection of athletes that have ever represented any institution, for they succeeded in capturing six out of the twelve world's championships. In the twenty events (the other one was a tug-of-war by countries) they won eight firsts, eight seconds, and three thirds, a most remarkable showing.

A Little About the Olympic Games Themselves.

Kraenzlein, of Pennsylvania, showed himself the greatest athlete that has lived in the history of modern sport. Alone he has won two world's championships, the 110-metres hurdle and the broad jump, and two scratch events, the 60-metres flat race and the 200-metres hurdle race, making world's records of 15 2-5 secs., 7 secs., and 25 2-5 secs. respectively, for the 110-metres hurdle, the 60-metres, and the 200-metres hurdle race. His work here has proven him to be peerless. The following are the records of this remarkable athlete, all made in competition: 100 yards, 10 secs.; 440 yards, 40 2-5 secs.; 120 yards hurdle, 15 1-5 secs. (world's record); 220 yards hurdle, 23 3-5 secs. (world's record); broad jump, 24 feet 4 3-4 inches (world's record); high jump, 6 feet; shot-put, 36 feet 4 inches; hammer throw, 118 feet; discus, 114 feet. Truly, no such an athlete has ever been seen before.

Jarvis, of Princeton, won the 100-metres race in to 4-5 secs., a new record, just beating out Tewkesbury, of Pennsylvania, and Rowley, of Australia.

Long, of the N.Y.A.C., won the 400 metres easily in 40 2-5 secs. On a grass course this is flying, but he ran it well within himself, and



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



MR. CORNWALLIS WEST.

in his present form he can create new figures for this distance.

Sheldon, another N.Y.A.C. man, won the shot-put at 46 feet 2 1-2 inches. He is the only American who has ever approached the record of our own champion, George R. Gray.

Baxter, of Pennsylvania, won the high jump and pole vault. In the former he showed his right to the title of world's champion, by clearing 6 feet 2 1-2 inches, and just failing to clear 6 feet 6 inches, which would have been a new world's record.

Tewkesbury, another Pennsylvanian, carried off the 400-metre hurdle race, making a new record of 53 3-5 secs.

A Hungarian proved a wonder at the discus throw, for he hurled it 119 feet 4 1-4 inches, new figures under Continental rules, by which the measurement is taken from the face line of the discus, or that produced perpendicularly, to the point at which the discus first touches the earth. Direction thus plays an important part in the contest, and it was remarkable how skillfully the Hungarians and other European athletes guided the flight of the missile. They threw it as straight as a baseball pitcher throws a ball.

The English won the 800-metres with Tysoe, and the 1,500 metres with Bennett. The latter did it in 4 minutes 6 seconds, a new world's record for the distance, though it is not nearly as good as the mile record of W. G. George, who covered 125 yards more in 4 minutes 12 3-4 seconds.

The other, and the longest distance event proved a surprise, for the English champion Robinson was beaten, a Canadian did the trick, your humble correspondent, Orton ran away off form in England, as did all the other American runners, but the English would not believe this. Thus when the 2,500 metres (1 mile 665 yards) steeplechase was called, it seemed to them merely a question of by how many yards Robinson would prove victorious. The pace was very fast, and on the last lap Orton seemed beaten. But 300 yards from home, the thoughts of his defeat in England and the importance of the event nerved him for a final effort. He rapidly overhauled the English champion, and eventually won by six yards. The time, 2 minutes 34 seconds, is much faster than was ever made



A. C. KRAENZLEIN OF PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.

before for such a distance in a steeplechase, so Robinson had no excuse on the score of form. In reality, he was in better form than Orton, who has not reached his best form this season yet.

The result was some vindication for the American distance runners. (Kindly note that American is used to mean an inhabitant of the New World. Canadians are the best Americans, of course.) Had Alec Grant been able to recover the form he showed prior to his departure from America, we would have heard from him, too.

The above are the championship events, and Americans won all the other scratch events, excepting the 4,000 metres race, which Rimmer of England carried off.

Ewry, of the N.Y.A.C., was the star in these contests, as he won the standing high, broad and triple jump, clearing 5 feet 4 1-2 inches in the first and 34 feet 7 1-2 inches in the last, both world's records.

The games were held on the grounds of the Racing Club de France. These grounds are very picturesque in that the track is a grass one (500 metres) and leads around through a broad circle of trees. The inner field has a clearing large enough for the field events. When the games were going on the place resembled more a grand garden fête or large picnic and sports, than the world's championships. But though the spectators could not see everything because of the trees, the track was fast for all the events except the sprints. On the straight there was a slight hill and the going was a little heavy.

On Thursday, July 19th, and on Sunday, July 22nd, two more meetings were held, thus finishing up the most remarkable series of athletic sports ever given. Thirteen countries sent their champions, and out of twenty events eleven new records were made. Not a single performance was mediocre, but in every case approached nearly to world's record form.

The following table of the winners may prove interesting as showing the new records and the comparative standing of the different countries:

World's Championship Winners.

110 metres, hurdle (120.3 yards)—Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania, 1st; McClain, Michigan, 2nd; Maloney, Chicago, 3rd. Time, 15 2-5 secs.*

100 metres (109.37 yards)—Jarvis, Princeton, 1st; Tewkesbury, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Rowley, Chicago, 3rd. Time, 10 4-5 secs.*

400 metres, hurdle (437.4 yards)—Tewkesbury, Pennsylvania, 1st; Tanzer, France, 2nd; Orton, Pennsylvania, 3rd. Time, 57 3-5 secs.*

400 metres (437.4 yards)—Long, N.Y.A.C., 1st; Hol-

land, Georgetown, 2nd; Schultz, Denmark, 3rd. Time, 49 2-5 secs.* (for this distance).

800 metres (874.88 yards)—Tysoe, England, 1st; Cregan, Princeton, 2nd; Hall, Brown, 3rd. Time, 2 min. 1 1-5 secs.*

1,500 metres (1,635 yards)—Bennett, England, 1st; DeLuge, France, 2nd; Bray, Williams, 3rd. Time, 4 min. 6 secs.*

2,500 metres, steeplechase (1 mile 665 yards)—Orton, Pennsylvania, 1st; Robinson, England, 2nd; Chastaine, France, 3rd. Time, 7 min. 34 secs.*

Shot-put—Sheldon, N.Y.A.C., 1st; McCracken, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Garrett, Princeton, 3rd. Best distance, 46 feet 2 1-2 in.

Discus—Bauer, Hungary, 1st; Janda, Hungary, 2nd; Sheldon, N.Y.A.C., 3rd. Best distance, 119 feet 4 1-4 in.*

High jump—Baxter, Pennsylvania, 1st; Leahy, Ireland, 2nd; Goenzy, Hungary, 3rd. Best distance, 6 feet 2 1-2 in.

Pole vault—Baxter, Pennsylvania, 1st; Collett, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Anderson, Norway, 3rd. Best distance, 10 feet 8 1-2 in.

Broad jump—Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania, 1st; Prinstein, Syracuse, 2nd; Leahy, Ireland, 3rd. Best distance, 23 feet 5 1-2 in.

Other Scratch Events.

60 metres—Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania, 1st; Tewkesbury, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Rowley, Australia, 3rd. Time, 7 secs.*

200 metres, hurdle—Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania, 1st; Pritchard, India, 2nd; Tewkesbury, Pennsylvania, 3rd. Time, 25 2-5 secs.*

4,000 metres, steeplechase—Rimmer, England, 1st; Bennett, England, 2nd; Robinson, England, 3rd. Time, 12 min. 58 2-5 secs.*

Standing high jump—Ewry, N.Y.A.C., 1st; Baxter, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Sheldon, N.Y.A.C., 3rd. Best distance, 5 feet 4 1-2 in.*

Standing broad jump—Ewry, N.Y.A.C., 1st; Baxter, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Sheldon, N.Y.A.C., 3rd. Best distance, 10 feet 10 in.*

Standing three jumps—Ewry, N.Y.A.C., 1st; Baxter, Pennsylvania, 2nd; Garrett, Princeton, 3rd. Best distance, 34 feet 7 1-2 in.*

Running hop, step and jump—Prinstein, Syracuse, 1st; Connolly, B.A.A., 2nd; W. Sheldon, N.Y.A.C., 3rd. Best distance, 47 feet 4 3-4 in.*

Hammer throw—Flannagan, N.Y.A.C., 1st; Hare, Pennsylvania, 2nd; McCracken, Pennsylvania, 3rd. Best distance, 107 feet 4 1-2 in.*

Tug of war—America, 1st; Denmark, 2nd; France, 3rd. *World's record for the event.

Standing by Countries.

| | Firsts. | Seconds. | Thirds. |
|-----------|---------|----------|---------|
| America | 17 | 13 | 12 |
| England | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| Hungary | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| France | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| India | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Denmark | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Ireland | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Australia | 1 | 1 | 2 |

This is a wonderful showing for America, and proves her undisputed claim to the leadership in track and field athletics.

Golf.

THE St. Catharines Golf Club, whose course, by the way, Ritchie, the Rosedale pro., laid out, is making strides in the royal and ancient game. From having a very primitive course and few members, it has this year a membership of 100, and all are enthusiastic players. The course has been improved greatly, and the grass over it all has been cut. The greens, though very small, are in good condition. The length of the course over all is 2,755 yards, divided as follows: 1st, King, 335 yards; 2nd, Lone Pine, 250 yards; 3rd, The Farm, 260 yards; 4th, Long, 450 yards; 5th, River View, 360 yards; 6th, Twin Trees, 285 yards; 7th, Cox, 300 yards; 8th, The Elms, 180 yards; 9th, Home, 335 yards. The club has several local rules which need some slight modification. The course is picturesque, and very accessible. Last week, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Lyon, and Ritchie of Rosedale went over and gave an exhibition which was followed by a good attendance. Lyon and Ritchie turned in cards of 50 each, and Baxter 54. The officers are: President, W. W. Cox, Esq.; Vice-president, H. J. Taylor, Esq.; Secretary-treasurer, Miss A. Fenton; Captain, Miss B. McLaren; Green Committee, Miss Fenton, Miss McLaren, Herbert Collier, Esq., H. O'Reilly, Esq., and Mr. Courtney Kingstone.

The defeat of Cobourg by Port Hope, on the Port Hope links last week, was a surprise, especially after the manner of the defeat of the Country and Hunt and the Rosedale teams by the Cobourg Club. As some of the Toronto players have remarked, this is quite explainable, as Cobourg cannot play such a strong game off its own ground. The course is very flat, and not particularly sporty, so that when the team gets on a natural one, it is pretty much at sea. Of course, when Rosedale met them they were strengthened by Stewart Gordon, of the Toronto Club, and John Dick, of the Morningside and Rosedale Clubs. However, as Cobourg is to come to Toronto to meet the Rosedale team, it will be interesting to see how far the home ground helped them out in their last game.

Mr. H. J. Martin and Mr. W. Rein Wadsworth are on a canoe trip up the Severn.

Mr. George S. Lyon spent several days this week with his family at York.

Rumor has it that J. H. Taylor, the open champion of Great Britain, is to visit America for a New York sporting goods house. The report, however, is not confirmed from any reliable source, and Taylor himself is said to have denied it. Even should the champion's denial of this come from an authentic source, it does not lessen the probability of his coming. Very few in similar cases admit that they are coming until arrangements are definitely completed. Should Vardon and Taylor come together on this side of the water, Americans will see golf that has never been equalled in the New World, and the question of supremacy

of the world's two best golfers would be decided.

Vardon is scheduled for a whole week's golf this month at the Eagle's Nest Country Club at Blue Mountain Lake. This is the golfing headquarters in the Adirondacks. An item which appears in United States print would go to prove that Taylor is coming to America. It says he is scheduled to play at the St. Regis Club in the Adirondacks during the week of August 13th, and that a match is being arranged with Willie Dunn.

The Western players have criticized the recent championship tournament at Garden City. The Chicago "Inter-Ocean" is rough in its denunciation of the meet and its management. The text of its criticism is, "That Eastern golfers do not appreciate high class play is evident from the lack of attendance and want of enthusiasm at the sixth annual championship of the U.S.G.A. at Garden City. From a social or any other standpoint outside of actual play, it was a decided frost. It is hard to understand why the association chose such an out-of-the-way place as Garden City, when so many accessible courses were available. There was not even a corporal's guard in the gallery any day except the final, when there were less than 400 actual spectators who were not professionals, club officials, or newspaper men. The contrast to Onwentsia last year was very marked. Even though it rained on the initial days, the attendance was head and shoulders over that of this year, thousands following in the finals. Hobart Chatfield Taylor was this year congratulated again and again on the successful meet of 1899, and when asked his opinion of the Garden City tournament, would say nothing but that the play was of the best order. The congratulators evidently wished it to be inferred that the West at least knows how to take care of its guests after sundown."

The Tait Memorial Fund has now reached the \$1,200 mark, and the committee is yet at a loss to know how best to apply it. A great many suggestions have been made, but none seemed quite fitting.

Findlay Douglas is driving magnificently. He covers 240 yards repeatedly without the assistance of wind or fall of land.

It is commonly supposed that constant smoking is bad for the nerves, especially for a golfer. Either the supposition is wrong, or Hilton is an exception. In England it is said that wherever he plays he can be traced by burnt matches and cigarette ends. He smokes even when in the act of driving. HAZARD.

The Great Chinese.

THE most eminent Chinaman in China—Li Hung Chang—is pure Chinese in descent. This may sound like saying that "truth is truth," but, as a matter of fact, the rulers of China are Manchus and Tartars, and not Chinamen at all. The sobriety of Li Hung Chang is proverbial.

Of all the charms of life that allure other men, he cares only for power, and disdains that which is simply pleasure. In his own philosophical way, he says, "Flowery paths are not long."

When Li Hung Chang rises he goes to work, and at seven o'clock eats a breakfast composed of birds' nest soup, rice congee, and coffee without milk or sugar. At the close of the meal he takes a grain or two of quinine and goes to work again. Li Hung Chang has always been thrifty, and has taken advantage of his great opportunities to make money. It has been said that he is the richest man in the world, but of that no one knows, as Li has not divulged his financial status. However, he practically owns the railroads and telegraph lines in China, which he put in on his own responsibility and at his own expense, and derives the revenue from them.

In no country is the short, pithy proverb more valued than in China. The fashion was set by Confucius, founder of Chinese philosophy, who habitually spoke in proverbs. Li Hung Chang is known to the Occident chiefly by reason of his genius as a soldier and statesman, but, besides these, he is a philosopher and retailer of proverbs and apothegms of no mean order. Many years ago he laid down a policy for the treatment of foreigners which has become universal in both China and Japan. It is: "Let us use foreigners, but do not let foreigners use us."

When the great Chinaman was in New York he was entertained by Mayor Strong. During his interview Li asked the mayor why he had not taken part in the Civil War. The mayor replied that his brother had been in the army, but that he had stayed at home to take care of the family, and was in civil life. "Ah," said Li, "you were a very good soldier in time of peace, I suppose, and a very good civilian in time of war." At another time he was discussing governments, and said, "Five thousand years ago China was a republic just as the United States is to-day."

"What made you change your form of government?" he was asked.

"The change," he said, "was the most gradual in the world, and our first emperor was a plough-boy."

When he was in England he uttered an aphorism, the result of a short acquaintance with the two gentlemen concerned in it. It was as follows: "Your Lord Salisbury is a man who says little and means much. Your Mr. Gladstone is a man who says much and means little."

When Li was in Germany, the Kaiser asked him, "How do our women compare with those of China?"

"I really cannot tell," said Li, slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present. "We never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

Rival Beauties.

THE fancy of the Cornwallis West family certainly lightly turned to thoughts of love during the latter part of the spring that is now past. Two members are announced as engaged, and rather sensational matches they have made.

Most of us can with ease remember the day when Mrs. Langtry was the rage, those days before the footlights flared into her fair face. But before Mrs. Langtry stepped upon the boards she had a most serious rival in beauty, and that rival was Mrs. Cornwallis West, the mother of the two young folk whose engagements have been announced.

At one time the rivalry of beauty threatened to divide England into two camps as effectively as did the Tichborne case, but so far as the gaping public was concerned the matter was nipped in the bud. Of course the mass of the aforesaid gaping public can only judge of a beauty from photographs, and in the days of the West-Langtry war the shop windows were filled with the photographs of the rivals.

A wild demand sprang up for those photographs, the individuals of each party buying his favorite and pooh-poohing the claims of the opposing fair one. The matter gave signs of becoming more or less of a public scandal, when one morning, lo and behold! in the shop windows but one queen reigned—Mrs. Langtry everywhere!—Mrs. Cornwallis West nowhere!

Indignant, the supporters of the beauty that was Mrs. Cornwallis West's rushed into the shops and demanded of the sellers of beauty visages why no photographs of their choice were exhibited. All the sellers could answer was, "Allah knows! Ask me another."

The truth of the matter soon leaked out. Cornwallis West was, and is, a military man, and he saw with increasing anger his wife brought into unhealthy competition, before the staring public, with another woman, and the modesty of it all was plain to him. He swooped down upon the photographers who were making free with his wife's face, and the photographers were soon tumbling over one another in their haste to gather in those photographs. This ended the rivalry so far as it concerned the public. Mrs. Cornwallis West, moving quietly in the best society, has brought up a beautiful family. Mrs. Langtry continued in the shop windows, adopted the stage, bought and otherwise acquired race horses, and is Mrs. Langtry as of old.



G. W. ORTON.

Her Nerve and Her Nose.



HE was stage-struck, and possessed one of those noses which Tennyson brought into fashion by one descriptive poetic line, "Tiptilted as the petal of a flower;" in other words, turned up to a hopelessly direct angle, between two of the darkest and most speaking eyes that ever shone in a young man's face, and rattled him out of all sense of discretion. She saw the advertisement for lady supes for the production of *Children of the Ghetto*. "There's my chance to get behind the footlights," said she, valiantly. "I shall begin as a supe." "How about your nose?" inquired her chum, who was observant if not diplomatic. The stage-struck girl paled. "I forgot my nose," she faltered. "Miriam with a pug-nose. Impossible!" and she fell a-thinking, then drew on her gloves, jabbed a hat-pin through her Rough-riider hat, put her purse in her pocket and left the house. Presently a telephone call informed her chum that she would not be home for luncheon, and, when she did return, the shades of night were falling. She wore a veil, and she went to her room without speaking to anyone, and had her dinner sent up. The servant who brought it up came out of the boudoir with an expression of dazed incredulity, and was observed to pinch herself and goggle about at intervals, and finally heard to mutter, "My word! I never saw the beat of it!"

Quite early next day the chum heard a bright voice cry outside her chamber door. "Bye-bye. Wish me luck. I am going to see the manager!" For what? sleepily inquired the chum. "To be engaged for a thinking part in the *Children of the Ghetto*." "Oh, what a kind bit of advice fell asleep. The stage-struck maiden again wore a veil as she proceeded down town to the theater office. Once or twice she was observed to howl to persons who stared at her in return, and then she blushed crimson, and her pretty lips formed the words, "I'm an idiot," with hearty self-condemnation. At last she found herself outside the theater and waiting with several shabby-looking women in an ante-room of the tiny den where the manager was wont to abide. He came bustling through the ante-room after five minutes, glancing sharply from face to face, and signalled to the door-keeper to bring in the stage-struck to the little den. "What's your business?" he said curtly, noting her rich gown, her dainty gloves and shoes, and her thick veil. She sat down and unfasted the veil, choosing her seat before the only window in the grim little den. "To be taken on the cast of *Children of the Ghetto*," she said calmly. "I'm stage-struck and I took a good part, and I know how to walk about, and, if necessary, pose, or say a short sentence. Will you engage me?"

The manager gave her a long look; a combination of sneer and laugh was in it. "You've got nerve, and you've got a nose!" said he, shortly. "I guess you'll do. What's your name?" "Real or stage?" she asked, even more shortly. "Any old thing. I can't number you like a Blackwell Islander, can I?" he said, insolently. "I don't know what you can do," she retorted, just as insolently. "My name is Rebekah Judah. Will that suit?" "Sounds like a pawn shop—so it ought to," he said, with a quick laugh. "Have you ever acted?" "No." "Can you speak?" "Would you like to hear me?" "Go ahead," said the manager, lighting a cigar. The stage-struck girl stood up and recited the 121st Psalm. The manager listened to the end. What with the dark eyes, the ringing, rich, full-toned voice, cultured and distinctive, and the nose, he was completely vanquished. "Good," he said, "you'll do." The stage-struck girl nodded. "I thought so myself," she said, agreeably. The business was very soon settled. The manager seemed a bit puzzled. "Say, where did you pick up that yarn?" he asked. "I seem to have heard it before." "A man named David wrote it," she said, carelessly. And she walked out without even bidding the manager good-bye, but she put on her veil before she did so. Then she called at a couple of newspaper offices and sent up a couple of items to the society editor to the effect that she would spend some months in Europe. Then she called upon a famous maker of wax noses and ears and paid him several ten dollar bills. Then she went home and called for her chum. "You see," she remarked to that worthy girl, who stood gaping, "I must tell you, though I'd rather not because I've got to wear this nose all the time now. I am taken on for the *Children of the Ghetto*. I have merely to recite the 121st Psalm and wear this costume," and she took a colored picture from her handbag. "You must buy the things for me, for I am sure the shops would know my voice." "But—but—" "I'm no goat, and I never butt," said the stage-struck girl. "You'll see what nose and nerve can do this winter, and meantime I am in Europe." And the winter passed, as winters do, and in the spring the manager wrote a courtly letter to Miss Rebekah Judah, and embodied therein his sentiments in such unmistakable fashion that Miss Judah resigned from the cast of the *Children of the Ghetto*, took off her nose, banked off her winter's salary, and, having returned from Europe, exquisitely gowned, sat with a box party in the theater and heard the manager emulate the account of Ananias in his excuses for the non-appearance of Miss Rebekah Judah, who, owing to family bereavement, had been called out of the city, and would be absent for some time. Miss Judah never answered the manager's letter, and was thereby shy one husband, one house on the Drive, one bank account, and a parure of diamonds fit for the Queen of Sheba.

The Philosophy of Fear.

THERE were four of them seated together in Gordon's room, and one was an idiot—not an idiot by stress of circumstances or environment, adversity or affliction, drink, or financial reverses, but just a plain, natural-born idiot, in whom the light of reason had never penetrated.

Gordon, who made a specialty of such cases, was treating him, and Phillips and Briggs were watching the experiment. Phillips was a third year medical student, and Briggs was a reporter on "The Daily Canard." The idiot rarely took a hand in the conversations, but was a corking good listener, a quality which some alleged sane men might emulate with advantage.

"The greatest curse of this age," observed the doctor, after a short silence, during which all three had been puffing away assiduously, "is fear—just plain, cowardly fear. We fear we know not what, from eating green apples in our youth, to the veriest phantoms of a diseased imagination in our manhood. Every man is afflicted with fears, definable and undefinable. This very attitude of fear, which we hold so tenaciously, is responsible for the disasters which beset us right and left. We do not have to fear, but we cultivate it. David said, 'That thing which I greatly feared is come upon me,' and that is one of the most profound maxims that has ever been uttered. We are educated to fear from our childhood, and our fears increase as we go on, for the child, as every observer knows, fears less than the man. Our disasters are the penalty we pay for our fears. Shakespeare says 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all.' He might have said, 'Modern education doth make cowards of us all.'"

This was an unusually long speech for the doctor, who was, like the sailor's parrot, "not much of a talker, but a beggar to think."

"You refer to fear in the abstract, doctor, mental and physical?" interrogated Briggs from behind a great cloud of smoke.

"Yes. All fear is mental. Physical fear, so called, is but the manifestation of mental fear. Our fears are the creations of a disordered fancy, and not of ourselves a thing

apart. They grow like weeds by dwelling upon them. Do you suppose that men like Blondin and others who daily perform the most daring feats know what fear is, or allow themselves to doubt their ability to perform what they have in hand?"

"You mean, doctor, that we lack confidence in ourselves," said Phillips, flicking the ash off his cigar.

"Exactly. We have not trained our minds to master our fears. Every successful man has, and therein lies the secret of success."

"But is not fear a process of thought common to all men?" observed Phillips, thoughtfully.

"To a certain extent, but developed enormously in proportion to our knowledge. You remember how man was warned against eating of the tree of knowledge, and Pope said 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' The logical conclusion is that much knowledge is fatal. We limit ourselves as to the attainment of specific objects, otherwise there would be no bound to what we might accomplish."

"According to your theory, doctor, man in his savage state has less fear to contend with than the highly developed product of our vaunted civilization," observed Briggs from the depths of a luxurious arm-chair.

"Precisely. Is it not the case, and to the extent that the latter is able to triumph over them he is the better man. What does your real home-grown aborigine know about fear? It is practically a sealed book to him. He does not know enough to fear. We are fast developing into a race of cowards."

"I believe you're right, Gordon," said Phillips, lighting a fresh cigar from the box. "But to what extent is man responsible for his fears?"

"I don't like that cigar you're smoking," interjected the idiot with a deep frown, just like a sane man.

"Our fears, as I have said, are the abnormal creations of our imagination. They unconsciously assert themselves and we are responsible for not learning to control them before they control us. By dwelling upon them, we invest them with more or less fictitious power over us, which is all the reality they possess. Continual contemplation develops them until they manifest themselves in the precise things we feared. Work it out for yourselves."

"I feel you're right, Gordon," said Phillips, "but it's easier said than done—I mean controlling our fears."

"That's because we have been accustomed for so long to allow our fears to master us, with more or less resistance, according to the individual. Every man has his own select assortment of fears. What's the good of our minds, if we are not to use them to control our baser faculties?"

The question was apparently unanswerable, for Briggs and Phillips smoked on in silence.

"To return to the savage," continued Gordon, gazing into vacancy and blowing forth volumes of smoke, "what does he know of the penalties that are supposed to follow the violation of certain theories and the endless discoveries of so-called modern science, about which no two men agree? Absolutely nothing, and he is therefore exempt, but we know, and we pay the penalty," and the doctor spoke bitterly.

"We certainly pay the penalty," rejoined Briggs, cordially. "I feel a cold coming on from that draft we are sitting in now."

"Pardon me," said Gordon, "you have been educated to believe that a breath of fresh air in the particular form of what you call a draft, is more or less deadly, and like thousands of others you fall in line. If you did not fear it, you could not take cold from a current of fresh air. What, for instance, does your aborigine know about colds or fashionable maladies? Not enough to have them. Is it not so? He does not know of them, therefore he does not fear them, and, therefore, I may add, he does not suffer from them. To know, or think you know, is to fear."

"Well," observed Phillips meditatively, "we seem to have a pretty big debt to pay our ancestors for the crop of fears of various sorts we have inherited from them."

"That's it. We have all received our legacy of fears, but it is for us to master them. We are all creatures of environment, and each man is largely responsible for his environment. We can control our thoughts, and therefore our fears. Did you ever hear of a successful man in any line who doubted or feared his success along that line?"

But the question was never answered. A succession of shrieks was heard in the corridor, mingled with the most dismal and blood-curdling howls, and with a bound a monster bulldog sprang into the room. From his mouth flowed blood and froth, and his eye was the eye of an animal in a frenzy.

"My God, he's mad," yelled Phillips, dashing for cover. Gordon and Briggs jumped for the table, grabbing up the nearest available weapon.

The idiot, of all, remained cool. He walked over to the dog and put him out. He didn't know enough to be afraid.

His Prayer.

Behind the plow he travelled, day by day;
The daisies smiled as they were supplanted;
No rites were said, no lamentations heard—
Is there not resurrection time of May?
There came a famished cry from lands away—
Not made in written line or spoken word—
Great need makes earnest plea far more than they
Who go upon the mountain-top to pray.

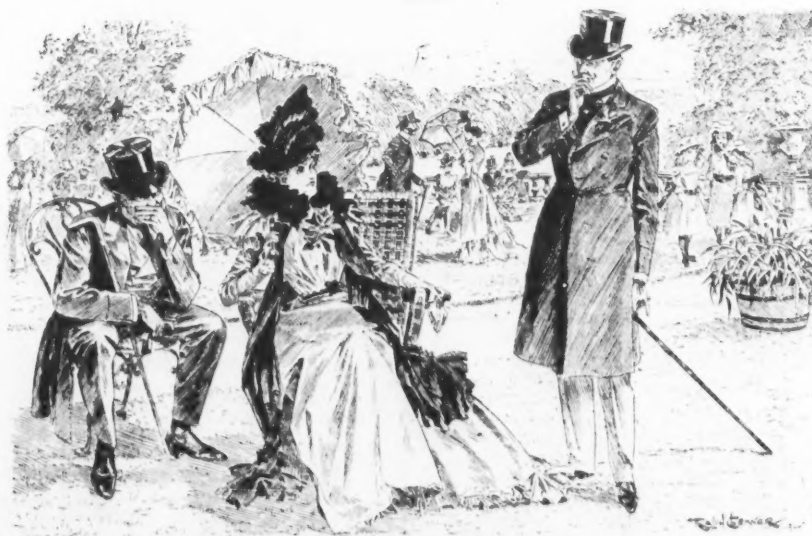
This was his prayer, among the cattle said—
Not in set phrase begged he who held the plow.
Yet knowing many poor were lacking bread,
But with scarred hands uplifted: "Seest Thou?"
Then He, whose hands were pierced, beheld the sign,
And said to earth, "Bring forth for Me and mine!"
—Edward Douthett, in the "Impressionist."

She—Mrs. Newrich declares that she has come from an exceedingly old aristocratic family. He—That may be so; but she must have come a very long way.

A little girl of four years was riding past a cemetery with her mother. Looking up, she said: "Mamma, how long is it after they bury a person before the gravestone comes up?"

Speeches to be Lived Down.

Punch.



Mr. Marsh. I've just had quite a long chat with your three charming little girls, Mrs. Rooper.
Mrs. Rooper. Not mine, Mr. Marsh. I have no children.
Mr. Marsh (very surprised).—No child—Are you sure?

A Pretty Good Recommendation.

Fliegende Blaetter.



Xantippe.—Although you have been with me a whole year, I find that I cannot give you a good recommendation.
Domestica.—I know; however, you can paste your photograph opposite the column where you mark the length of time I was with you.

"Deceivers Ever."

"I BEG pardon," said the near-sighted man lamely, and Alice bowed graciously, although she had heard the ominous sound of gathers torn from her skirt-band as the man's heel caught in the gauzy ruffie.

The smile succeeded by an impatient frown when she found that her retreat to the dressing-room was cut off by a group of animated talkers. Turning hastily, she sought refuge in the conservatory at the end of the drawing-room. Luckily none of the merry guests had penetrated to that corner, and Alice ruefully examined the ends of the torn skirt. She was completing a deft arrangement of pins and sash ends to hide the results of the accident when two men entered.

Still struggling with a refractory pin, Alice drew back under cover of a large palm and prayed for quick release.

"You must be crazy, Ned," she heard one of the men say. "What earthly reason can you have for rushing off to China? Why don't you go out to the Philippines, if you are idiot enough to go anywhere?" Ned shook his head despondently.

"I want to leave this place," he said. "I am sick of the whole business. I want to fight!"

Alice held her breath. "Ned—her Ned—going to war again!" She remembered her terrible anxiety when he had gone to Cuba. She had been engaged to him then, but now—

It is not comfortable to have any one that one has liked go to war. He had been very disagreeable, had called her a flirt, and they had parted in anger, but she had always fancied that it would come right some time. But China!

"What is the trouble?" Jack Wilson was asking. "Hard up, or girl?"

"Girl," said Ned, shortly.

"Oh," said Jack, "Alice Ormond, I suppose, or is it a new one?"

"Same one," answered Ned. "Do you suppose that I could look at any one else after seeing her and hearing her talk?"

"No accounting for tastes," laughed Jack. "Don't care much for blondes myself. Anyhow, there isn't one of them, blonde or brunette, would send me to fighting again. It's well enough for your country, but I'll be langed if I would go through it again. Besides, Miss Ormond threw you over once. Where's your pride?"

"Haven't a bit where she is concerned." And Ned's voice shook with emotion. "You don't know, Jack, what a darling she is, and I treated her abominably. I insulted her and refused to listen to her, and she just put up her pretty chin and walked out of the room, and hasn't spoken to me since. All the time I was in Cuba she wrote me the finest letters and sent me all sorts of things. You don't know what a little brick she is."

"Oh, rot!" said Jack. "Go take some of that pink lemonade they call punch in the other room and cool off."

And unsympathetic Jack rushed away.

"Ned," said Alice softly. He started and turned to the palm-screened corner.

"Alice, where did you come from?"

"I was here," she confessed shamefacedly. "I was coming out, but you said 'China' and 'girl,' so I had to listen."

Ned laughed triumphantly.

"Quick!" he said, "tell me it's all right and give me a kiss before anyone comes."

"But you said—" she began, putting up her hand.

"Never mind what I said," he insisted. "We shall be caught in a minute. Say 'yes' or 'good-bye'; I cannot stay in New York without you."

She wavered and he caught her in his arms.

"Ned," she said, as they re-entered the drawing-room. "It was just good luck that it was I who was behind those palms when you talked to Jack."

"I don't know," he answered. "I saw you go in."—Ruth Moore, in the "Metropolitan Magazine."

The Hermit of the Muskosh.

"I VE travelled the Little Muskosh and its branches for forty years, and yet I will say there are parts where I would not care to be benighted."

It was our guide who made the statement, as he squatted on his blanket and puffed at his short, black pipe. An expectant hush followed the remark, as each scented a story.

"'Twas back in the seventies, I made my trips down the river to the Inlet semi-annually, with my season's swag of furs; and one evening found me debating at the 'Y' as to which course I should pursue. The branch to the left was my usual route, but it had often occurred to me that the right might conceal a much shorter way, and for a season or two it had been in my mind to try it. So having

made good time thus far, I determined to give it a chance, and turning my canoe, I proceeded up the strange river. "The evening breeze cooled my face after the hot sun of the day, giving me a renewal of my waning energy, and before darkness had entirely shrouded the banks on either hand, I had covered perhaps ten miles or more; then, feeling that I had made an extra good day of it, I regretted that I had not chosen a camping place for the night earlier. However, I scanned the banks closely, and soon discovered a slight clearing amongst the trees ahead. I paddled over to it and upon rounding a bend I was considerably startled to come fair into the reflected rays of a camp-fire, at which a man was cooking supper."

"And such a man! Although stooped with age, he must have been at one time remarkably tall and well proportioned. His long, white hair lay in a tangled mass about his shoulders, and a heavy beard covered the lower part of his face. He was habited from neck to foot in a loose gown of leathery material, gathered in at the waist with a thick and much discolored cord, to which two tassels hung, and altogether his appearance brought to my mind a picture of the early Jesuits which I had seen somewhere. I sat watching the uncouth figure as he deftly turned a fish in the pan, and the smell of the cooking tempted my sharpened appetite sorely until I could bear it no longer, so I ran my canoe into the bank and stepped ashore, making a lot of unnecessary clatter as I did so to draw his attention. He turned about quickly without any show of surprise, and setting his pan down he advanced to meet me with outstretched hand."

"Ah, mon Petrie, mon petit Petrie, I was expecting you this evening. I knew that you would come that the prophecy might be fulfilled. And see, I am not caught unprepared, for there are two fish in the pan, one for you and one for me. 'Tis the third night of the new moon, and the tenth month, as the prophet had said—but you are hungry; come, share my meal, which, although humble, is the best my larder can afford."

"I wondered much at the man's words, and surmised that he was some lonely hermit who had lived so long in solitude that his brain had become rotted in his skull for want of exercise, so I cautiously followed past his fire and into a small log-house which stood amongst the bushes farther up the bank."

"Here further surprises awaited me. The table was set with real earthenware dishes of rather ancient pattern, and also a metal teapot, and places for two had been arranged. The linen, though worn somewhat, and spotted, increased my wonder, for all my life I had been used to nothing better than a convenient boulder or a grassy sward. A decanter stood beside each plate, and in the center a small, curiously fashioned glass jug fairly ran over with rich, red wine."

"My companion noted every expression on my face with keenest interest, but never allowed himself to display any emotion whatever."

"That wine," he said, in answer to my enquiries, "was brought here fifty-one years ago to-night, and I have kept it stored all this time, that I might feel its warm breath coursing through my veins before I die."

"In truth, it was a strange and uncanny repast, but highly appreciated by a hungry traveller such as I, and gradually I began to enjoy the sundry remarks and snatches of old superstitions which kept cropping up out of his poor distorted mind."

"After we had satisfied our hunger and drunk the wine to the dregs, we returned to the camp fire, where the old man once more explained how the prophecy should be fulfilled. Then making the excuse that he had many prayers to repeat, he was about to leave me, but turned as if he had forgotten something, and handed me a long, keen, old-time hunting-knife; then waving me a cheerful adieu, he disappeared into his hut."

"I saw that I could not do better than spend the night on the river bank by the fire; however, I inwardly determined that my host was little short of a madman, so I slept with all my faculties on the alert."

"I lay awake a long time, despite my fatigue, and all the while the steady cadence of the old man's voice in the hut came indistinctly to my ears as he chanted his prayers."

"As the night wore on, the wolves began to howl in the neighboring forest, adding a weirdness to the place which beggared description."

"At last I dozed into slumber, only to start into wakefulness to find the hermit standing in the light of the fire, gazing down upon me. The baying of the wolves was now very close, and I half expected my friend to admit some anxiety on their account."

"Do the beasts disturb your repose, mon Petrie? They should not show such inhospitable natures, and I have it in my mind to bid them go farther back for their conversation." The hermit slowly advanced into the shadows of the trees, and presently I could hear him calling in deep, guttural tones to the wolves, who immediately slunk away through the scrub, emitting answering whines as if stricken with mortal terror. In a few minutes he retraced his way to the hut again, waving his hand to me as he entered."

"I was naturally filled with superstitious awe at what I had seen, so I stirred up the fire into a brisk blaze, and when I lay down I had the long knife clutched in my hand."

"The hours crept slowly by, and as the forest noises had completely subsided and the prayers of the hermit could only be heard at intervals, I was soon buried in a deep sleep. How long I slept I do not know, but suddenly I realized that I was pinned firmly to the earth with the hairy body of a huge wolf upon my chest. Already his pointed snout was poised, and his shiny fangs were bared for the throat bite; but I was too quick for him, for in an instant I had driven my knife to the handle in his gaunt, lean side. I threw it from me and sprang up, half expecting another onslaught, but the thing which I had stabbed lay quiet on the ground."

"I stepped forward the more to examine the beast, but there, to my horror, instead of the ferocious head of the wolf, I saw that I was looking into the cold, white face of the hermit. The prophecy had been fulfilled."

"I ran to where my canoe was moored, without so much as a glance behind, and pushing out, I paddled into the river, choosing its inky blackness rather than the thing which lay by the camp fire on the bank."

R. HENRY MAINER.

For the Brave and Rich.

Transplanting eyelashes and eyebrows is the latest thing in the way of personal adornment. Only the brave and rich can patronize the new method at present, for, besides being painful and costly, it takes a long time to accomplish. In Paris and London there are specialists who make a handsome living out of the process of transplanting hair from the head to the eyebrows or eyelashes. The specialist works by putting in, not on, the new eyelashes and brows wherever they are absent or grow thin, and so cunning is he in his work that not even the closest scrutiny can detect any difference. By means of the new process, it is said, eyes which are at ordinary times only passable become languishing in their expression, while eyes which were previously considered fine have their beauty much enhanced. Most of the hairs that have been transplanted take root and grow, but a few of them fall out and have to be attended to. For the first month it is necessary to curl the new eyelashes every day, but after that they are said to become properly assimilated, and it is not necessary to give them further attention.

Loving wife.—Don't forget that you are to go to the dentist's at ten o'clock to have all your teeth pulled out! Husband.—Wha—Great Snakes! What are you— Wife.—Oh! I forgot to tell you, my dear; I ordered you a new set of teeth for a birthday present.

Did you know this? January and October of the same year always begin with the same day. So do April and July, also September and December. February, March and November also begin with the same day.

The Wickedness of Matsu.

(By Onoto Watanna.)



YUKI folded her hands and piously dropped her head. She was converted. Behind her, Matsu smiled beneath her affected frown, and the minister coughed slightly.

"You, Yuki," he said, with fatherly graciousness, "shall accompany us. I feel we shall have cause to be proud of you. And you—" He turned to Matsu, and cleared his throat. Her eyes were meekly dropped also now, and her hands folded, though, unlike Yuki, she had not fallen on her knees. As the minister paused, her lips moved, and she said, with the queerest intonation:

"Me?"

"You are hardly yet prepared," he said, gently.

The eyelids flashed up. There was a prayer in the depths of the dark eyes.

"A-a, please, excellency, me also," he said, dragging her words pleadingly.

The minister's composure vanished. He tried to look severe, and kept his gaze resolutely averted from the little upturned face; then his eyes encountered one beseeching little hand outstretched, and he flinched.

Yuki finished her prayer and rose to her feet, turning a reproachful look on her friend. To the minister she said: "Matsu and I understand to be good." This very apologetically, and with a resigned shake of her head.

"Me?" said Matsu, with superb passion. "Am good—most gooder'n all."

"When you say you are good?" demanded Yuki, "and also why you not baptize?" And also why you not baptize? And also why you not baptize?

"Hah!" said Matsu, with vehemence, "that's account I too good!" She caught her breath guiltily and stood confessed.

"I not mean that," she said, pitifully, but it was no use. Yuki was glad Matsu had betrayed herself. She went off slyly smiling, and left the minister and Matsu in the Mission house alone. It was dark inside, and the gloom of the place made the girl shiver. She looked out wistfully to where the half-opened door let in a stray gleam of the fading sunlight.

The minister pushed the door wide, and they passed out together and walked side by side toward the cross of the little hill on which the Mission house stood. It was not the first time they had together watched the sunset.

The United Missionary Society had quite recently requested the return to America of the minister, and he also authorized him to bring back with him to America two of his subjects—converts. Now both Yuki and Matsu had been adopted by the Missionary Society since they were little children, and had grown up in it. Yuki, meek, submissive, sweet, pretty and passive, was the pride of the entire Mission, but Matsu was as far from the cross as the day they had taken her in, a hungry, ferocious, fighting little morsel of humanity, clad in rags and dirt, whom one of the workers had found in the streets. No one had ever taken the trouble to find out who she was or to whom she belonged. It was the custom of the Mission house to take in such waifs, and moreover, it was an easier matter to educate these children and bring them up in the Christian faith than it was to make converts among those who had ingrained into them, and were satisfied with, their own older religion. But Matsu was, unfortunately, untrainable, and, although a product of the Mission school, reflected discredit on that worthy institution, and it was the custom of the workers there to keep her out of sight on the occasion of visits from sundry foreigners who sought to investigate the work of the Mission. Had it not been for the Minister, who had been moved from Osaka to Kyoto a year before, Matsu would have been turned adrift, for she had arrived at the age of fifteen, and it was the judgment of the missionaries that since she could not be brought to conform to their belief, she should not be permitted to remain in the school, where her radiant ideas and opinions were anything but conducive to discipline.

But the minister had acquired a peculiar fondness for the little maid.

"Oh, Mr. Branton, you are wanted. There's a meeting at eight, and they want you a little in advance."

She spoke short and stout, staring at Matsu in speechless suspicious horror.

"Matsu! where did you get that dress? and why are you dressed like that?"

The girl laughed defiantly, even as she retreated.

The gown was extravagantly beautiful and of the richest quality of silk. She smoothed it daintily and carelessly.

"I gosh girl now," she declared, "an' I kin dance—so!" She executed a few steps.

Miss Johnson turned on the minister.

"I knew it would come to this," she wailed, "after all these years. We might have expected it. She has been at her tricks again—deceiving us! It will hurt the other girls, our dear, pure-minded Christian girls."

"I not tricking you," broke in Matsu, savagely. "That's not wicked dancing. That's moe'n' all. You thing I go woe' ad that factory, gittin' my hands all so dirty and sore?"

"No! I not!" she declared, passionately.

"You could have followed some worthy trade. You could have even taken up the mission work, if it hadn't been for your wicked nature. And it

She exercised a strange influence over him, and while he sternly disapproved of her naughtiness and recognized to the full the evil effect on the children likely to result from her association with them, he was in the habit of shielding and even concealing her fallings from his associates. Moreover, he never attempted to argue with her, or even to teach her, and in this way really had more influence over her than if he had done so. She would go to him and confide to him her little troubles, her thoughts, her queer fancies.

The minister knew his fondness for Matsu was in a measure perilous, for though no one else had perceived anything out of the ordinary in his friendship for her, the girl herself was cunningly well aware of it, and elusively worked upon his weakness. Now her heart was set on going to America, and she was using all her wiles and smiles and wickeries with that end in view. It was really a serious crisis the minister was facing now. Much as he would have liked to take Matsu with them, he was yet seriously affected by the idea of what the result would be if she, with all her wilfulness and merriment and defiance, was sent as a type of the convert from the Mission school.

As they walked along slowly together he debated within himself.

"No," he said, suddenly stopping. "It is out of the question, Matsu."

"Please, excellency."

"No. Don't beg like that, Matsu."

He said, nervously. "It's no use. You must understand, you ought to know—how absurd it would be how it would hurt me, in fact, you wouldn't want me to get into trouble, would you, Matsu?"

She shook her head, and then suddenly caught at his sleeve, her eyes shining with a quick inspiration.

"But—suppose I gittin' a convert?" She put it to him seductively.

He gasped.

"Ah, that would be different, then, little girl," he answered, quickly, and looked dubiously at the alluring little hand that had somehow found its way in his. He wondered at its power of expression. Her eyes danced now.

"I am convert!" she declared, promptly.

"You—now?" He began laughing and she encouraged, joined with him joyously.

"Tasee see me? I am convert, so—so," and she dropped on her knees and began imitating Yuki's pose to a noisy, her lips moved, she clasped her hands, she raised her eyes to heaven.

The minister went pale. This was too much.

"Don't do that," he said sharply, and lifted her to her feet, almost roughly. Then he began speaking quickly, jerkily.

"It's no use. You do not—you could not—understand the real spirit of the religion. You would disgrace not only me, but the Mission work here. They will ask you all sorts of questions. They are only too glad to find a flaw in one's work and pull it to pieces over them. You could be an excellent card for them and would play into their hands. Why, you don't understand all it means. You can't go, Matsu. You mustn't."

"God-A-mighty!" the girl said, tragically. "What I done?"

He stared at her hopelessly.

"Where did you learn that?"

"That 'God-A-mighty'?"

He nodded.

"You?" She laughed triumphantly now.

"I did not use it in that way," he said, flushing a dark red. But she nodded vehemently.

"Just like that—when you angry."

"Angry?"

"Yes, with that priest wot criticising your nize worg. Member? I hearin' you like this," and she mocked him with exaggeration.

He frowned uncomfortably.

"That's bad?" she questioned, demurely, peeping at him with her head cocked on one side.

"It isn't good," he said, shortly.

"So?" She was thoughtful a moment, and then: "Sa-ay, you not sending me at America account I not good? Well, also why you sending therefore you—you-ownself?"

He stirred miserably under her accusing, quizzing eyes.

"Oh, you're right," he said, disheartened, for he was out of sorts. "I don't amount to much, Matsu, and the fact is, I don't want to go; but I'm under marching orders, you see."

"Marching orders? Say, why you don't putting me under them same marching orders?"

She came round to the front of him and peered up into his face. Her head reached to his chin, and he was conscious that her hair was perfumed with a faint, subtle odor that was delightful.

Someone came swiftly up to them, and he heard the high, nasal voice of Miss Johnson from the Mission school.

"Oh, Mr. Branton, you are wanted. There's a meeting at eight, and they want you a little in advance."

She spoke short and stout, staring at Matsu in speechless suspicious horror.

"Matsu! where did you get that dress? and why are you dressed like that?"

The girl laughed defiantly, even as she retreated.

The gown was extravagantly beautiful and of the richest quality of silk. She smoothed it daintily and carelessly.

"I gosh girl now," she declared, "an' I kin dance—so!" She executed a few steps.

Miss Johnson turned on the minister.

"I knew it would come to this," she wailed, "after all these years. We might have expected it. She has been at her tricks again—deceiving us! It will hurt the other girls, our dear, pure-minded Christian girls."

"I not tricking you," broke in Matsu, savagely. "That's not wicked dancing. That's moe'n' all. You thing I go woe' ad that factory, gittin' my hands all so dirty and sore?"

"No! I not!" she declared, passionately.

"You could have followed some worthy trade. You could have even taken up the mission work, if it hadn't been for your wicked nature. And it

was only last night Yuki told us that you had declared yourself converted."

Matsu shrugged her shoulders fiercely. "I baggleding!" she said.

"The minister spoke to her gently."

"You would better come back with us for the present," he said.

"You taking me at that America?"

"That is—impossible."

She turned quickly and ran down the hillside.

The preparations for the departure of the party went on slowly. Another girl and Yuki had been chosen to accompany the minister, and the unselfish workers at the Mission willingly made ready for them a comfortable little wardrobe that would stand them in good stead in America. The minister was ill at ease, and absent-minded. Since the day when she had run away from them, nothing had been seen of Matsu. The teachers had unanimously agreed that she was really past redemption. No effort was made to find out her whereabouts; and, in fact, they one and all declared that it was, after all, just what they might have expected of her. They had had somewhat similar experience with all the half-caste children—they were unstable, unreliable, incapable of restraint. But the minister said little. He had acquired a habit of going down into the city after his work was finished and frequenting the different tea-gardens and dancing-places. There was no sign of Matsu, and he worried so much over her loss that he grew thin and haggard from sleeplessness.

It was a couple of nights before she came back, and as he was entering his house, he felt someone pull his coat tail, and turning quickly, he encountered the sharp, defiant eyes of Matsu. He was so relieved and overjoyed at seeing her that he almost shouted. She clung to his hand as he drew her indoors.

"Well, Matsu?" was what he said, after a moment, and then, as she caught her breath, he prompted her. "Where have you been?"

"Me? Oh, jus' liddle bit visit."

"Where?"

"Where? Let me see—"

"Tell me the truth, Matsu."

She laughed hysterically.

"I bin dancing," she said, dreamily. "And you don't like it? Prefer the peaceful life here with a sob."

"I like go at America," she said.

"Why?"

She still tightly clasped his hand with both her small ones.

"Ah, to be with you," she breathed. After that they stood in silence, and the minister closed his eyes. Her confession had startled his blood deliciously. No one in all his life had ever cared for him in that way before. The girl regarded him wistfully.

"You not already 'nuder wife'?" she inquired, anxiously; "mebbe two, three, seven, one hundred wives?"

He shook his head, smiling faintly at her imagination which was always so vivid.

"Why you not marry with me, then?" she asked, and went closer to him.

He put his two hands on her shoulders, and held her off.

"Listen, Matsu, and look at me, too. See, I am years older than you are—past forty, in fact, and you a little girl of fifteen. Then, too, you are pretty, very pretty, Matsu, while I—well, you see, dear, I am a very plain, homely man—ugly, perhaps."

She denied this vehemently.

"You most beautifulst gentlemen in all the whole world."

He laughed joyously.

"Well, you're the only person who ever thought that, Matsu. In fact, I don't suppose anybody ever thought long enough about me to bother over that question. Then, too, I am poor, quite poor, with barely enough for independence, while you—remember that Jan fellow that used to haunt the Mission house, and you? What became of him, Matsu? He had money to burn, and well, you know he came to me and wanted you for his wife; in fact, said he was willing to become a convert if I'd let him have you."

"Why he not burn his own money?" she asked, scornfully. "Me? I don't want!"

They were silent for a moment after that, then the minister drew her a little closer to him. "You're too good for me, little girl," he said, looking down into her eyes. "There's nothing to me, in fact, except—"

"Except?" she repeated.

"That I love you, Matsu-san," he said, softly.

How Eclipses Influence Babies.

UBA and Porto Rico lay outside the line of totality in the last eclipse of the sun; in fact, the amount of obscuration was rather less than was observed in New York, or, more correctly, than would have been observed if the clouds had permitted. None the less, to the eclipse is to be charged a large amount of infant ill-health and mortality.

In those islands all mothers and nurses have a fear of the evil operation of an eclipse on tender infants. They say that it is a fear that the children will be hit by the eclipse, but if anyone should suggest that it is the devil which does the hitting the statement will not be disputed by adult Cubans and Porto Ricans. The only remedy against the malign influence that is known is to strip the babies as soon as the eclipse begins and expose them in the open air unattended until the shadow has passed entirely off the sun. If the child gets a case of pneumonia or bronchitis as the result of the several hours of exposure, it is proof positive that it has been "hit" by the devil behind the astronomical phenomenon; if the baby escapes it is due entirely to the purity of its soul.

When any child is "hit" it is taken first to the "padre" for the expulsion of the devil, and then to the "medico" for the completion of the treatment. In all such cases the approved treatment consists of the administration of an emetic to dislodge the devil of the eclipse and confidence that all will go well under the influence of faith and medicine. On the

morning of the eclipse the weather in Cuba, at least on the north shore, was decidedly raw, and a large proportion of the exposed children took colds and died. Children who are not thus exposed at the time of local superstition, to be "hit" by the eclipse "diabolo" in less manifest ways, and to be beyond these methods of cure. All children who have never been exposed to this treatment must be exposed to the eclipse or take the consequences.

Chinese Dried Oysters.

AFEW days ago," said a New Orleans Bohemian, "I dropped in to see my friend Lee Yip, who keeps what he calls a 'glocely stool,' which is as near as he can come to grocery store. He gave me an excellent clear, and presently he said: 'You like dly oster?' 'What in the name of Confucius is 'dly oster'?' I asked, before I realized that he was talking about dried oysters. 'Come! I show,' he replied; and, opening the lid of a big box, he took out a handful of what looked exactly like oysters carved in mahogany. They were not shriveled and warped, like other dried oysters, but were as plump and symmetrical as any well conditioned bivalve fresh from the deep shell. The only difference was that they were dark brown in color and as hard as bricks. When Lee Yip tossed them back into the box they rattled like a handful of marbles. Of course, I was greatly surprised, and before I left I took pains to find out all about them. The oysters are caught and prepared at the big native shrimperies on the other side of the lake. The process is a trade secret, but as nearly as I could gather from Lee they are spread on the tops of large sheds and exposed to the sun for several weeks. What prevents decomposition I do not know; but they come out of the operation as sweet and brown as nuts. Last night I read some by special invitation in the back room of a laundry run by another Mongolian friend of mine. They were brought in in a bowl and formed a sort of stew or sauce, which was really delicious. The oysters themselves were firm, but exceedingly tender, and had a peculiar peppery flavor, different from anything else I have ever tasted. The Chinaman who did the cooking told me he had simply boiled the dried oysters in water and added a small strip of pork and seasoning. When I tried to probe into the seasoning feature he suddenly lost command of English, so there, I suspect, the secret resides. I am told that the local colony consumes many barrels of these oysters every month, and that large quantities of them are sold in San Francisco and New York."

A Dooley in McKinley's Cabinet.

MR. LONG, the Secretary of the Navy, says the "Saturday Evening Post," gave the final Cabinet dinner of the season on board the yacht Sybil. It was Mr. Long who thought of the idea of giving this official function aboard a luxurious boat on the Potomac. He is always individual and never does what other people do.

The Secretary of the Navy announces that his very position compels him to entertain on water instead of land, and every member of the Cabinet confesses that no dinner is looked forward to with such anticipation as that given by Mr. Long.

"What's Long going to do, I wonder?" is the social question that interests the Cabinet for weeks before the evening arrives. And at this last dinner he certainly gave them a surprise.

It was in the form of a Dooley letter read aloud by Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. McKinley has long been in the habit of reading to the Cabinet Mr. Dooley's weekly letter on some issue of national politics. The "hits" on the public officials are very much enjoyed.

Taking this as a cue, Mr. Long, when coffee was served, announced that, according to custom, Mr. Dooley's latest letter would be read, and that it was written for the occasion.

The host added that Mr. Dooley, with characteristic insight, had named his article: "Why No Cabinet Member Can Be Nominated for the Vice-Presidency."

Secretary Gage read the letter, and in dialect, spirit, humor and keen penetration it bore so verily the hallmark of Dooley that the guests were kept in a gale of merriment. It was written in particularly happy vein, and was filled with so many personal allusions and with so many jokes that referred to doings or discussions in the Cabinet that there were shouts of laughing amazement. The President himself is said to have enjoyed it more than anything else written this year.

Finally there came the explanation—

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an explanation that elicited more applause than did the original reading. It was no Dooley letter to which the Cabinet had been listening for the Secretary of the Navy had written every word of it:

Conan Doyle's Literary Methods.

Conan Doyle says he has no faith in the professional critic; what he wants is the opinion of a child, fresh and sincere. "I want the boy critic," he says; "the boy who will start a story and then chuck it down and say 'Rot,' or who will read a book straight through and say 'Ripping.' That's the person I want to criticize my work."

"It's strange, too," he said one day, while snatching a few minutes' rest, "the older I get the less I read and the more I think. As a child the book that appealed to me most was one of Charles Reade's, and, curiously enough, it is the book I enjoy the most now." He talked of the way he wrote his stories. He said: "Of course, I know the end of my story before I begin it; I don't create characters and then allow them to work out their careers in their own way. I always fix the end clearly before I begin to write."

Clearly!

The following notice is posted up in the signal-box of a certain railway:

"Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

Two Ways.

When a woman gets frightened at night she just pulls the bedclothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits, and goes to sleep. But with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down, and lies trembling awake for two or three hours, straining his ears at every sound.

There's a great deal of originality about the play I saw last night.

"Tell me about it."

"Well, it doesn't begin with the parlormaid dusting the furniture and telling herself valuable information concerning the family affairs."—From "Modern Society."

They write to me for cheques and add anticipatory thanks.

The only checks I ever had were on Tugela banks.

And these must have been broken by the run on them, I fear.

Those checks were never honored by the people over here.

Then, too, my colleagues look askance. I heed my head up high.

When I was in the ranks, but now a rank outsider I.

Ah me! I mourn those happy days that long have taken flight.

For though we then were drilled all day, we were not bored all night.

—Trench.

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—Trench.

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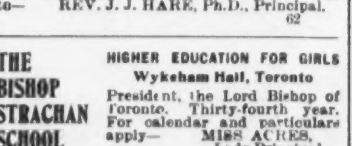
A circular logo with a double-lined border. Inside, a stylized keyboard is depicted with black and white keys. Above the keyboard, the word "VIRB" is written in a decorative, serif font. Musical notes and stems are scattered around the keyboard, suggesting a connection to music or sound.

The jubilee of Lohengrin arrives on the 28th inst. On that day fifty years ago the great opera was performed for the first time at Weimar, with Liszt as conductor. After the exciting days of 1848 Wagner was a fugitive and an outlaw. He had completed his work in the month of August, 1847, but Liszt hesitated for three years to have it performed, being afraid that it would not be well received on account of its extremely ideal coloring. It was, therefore, not until April, 1850, that he set about

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Social and Personal.

Miss Belle McLeod is spending a short time at Crystal Beach, near Buffalo. Mr. Norman McLeod is at Sturgeon Falls. Mr. McLeod, sailed for England last Saturday. Rev. Mr. McLennan, brother of the late Mrs. Watts, and rector of Trinity Church, Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. Charles McLeod, 510 Jarvis street.

Miss Katherine Shearar, of Detroit, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Garrett this week, and will later spend some time with her aunt, Mrs. Harbottle. Miss Shearar has been working very hard this year, and has achieved great artistic and financial success. "Katherine Shearar's" headpiece is hanging in many a smart boudoir and charming bachelor's den. Their originality and chic are making these bright paintings of girl faces most popular. Miss Shearar has just completed a set of designs for a large Western firm which is her credit.

M. Mercier's friends in Toronto, who have always followed the career of the promising young tenor with interest, will be charmed to hear of his great success in Paris, where he is a member of the Opera Comique. Recently, at a very swell musicale given by a prominent and wealthy resident of la belle ville, M. Mercier's and Madame Wagner's duet from Nannan was by all voted the gem of a very fine programme. A Toronto friend who heard it tells me that our former resident is in great voice and doing well.

Mr. Arthur Jarvis, son of Mrs. Salter Jarvis of 306 Sherbourne street, has entered the service of the Bank of Montreal and been sent to Guelph.

Mrs. Hastings and her charming daughter, Mrs. Olliphant, of 210 Simcoe street, have just returned from a lovely trip to Port Arthur, the Sault and the Keweenaw Falls. They found the hotel accommodation and the general outlook at the Sault a genuine surprise. The wonderful developments since Mr. Clergue has begun his improvements and enterprises are most gratifying, and tourists are loud in praise of the trip this summer. The Keweenaw Falls are a foot higher than the world's wonder at Niagara, though their volume is of course, comparatively small. But the exceeding beauty of the surroundings lends great completeness to the scene, which is truly lovely.

Mrs. Cleveland Horton, of Buffalo, is visiting Mrs. Robert Wilkes, "Thistle-dale," Bloor street east.

A large party of young men are at Eureka Point, Kawatha Lakes. When they arrived a flotilla of boats came out to meet the steamer and rousing choruses were sung by the occupants. The illumination of the cottages was most effective, a gigantic N. Mr. Munger Nasmith's initial, being a prominent figure. Three large bonfires, and rockets, went streaming into the air, to explode like shrapnel and scatter showers of colored balls. The moon shone brightly, and the night was clear and calm, and with the joyous

greetings of relatives and friends the scene was one to be long remembered. It was one of the events that contribute so largely to the attractions of the cottages and camp life on the Kawatha Lakes.

Mr. J. M. De La Haye and sister, Miss Clara De La Haye, are summering at Bobcaygeon.

Miss Thibodeau is a visitor in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. J. Kavanagh, "Bonny Castle."

Mrs. M. Sweetnam and Miss Alice Sweetnam are spending this month at Mount Clemens, Mich.

Mr. Archie Sullivan has returned from England and is with Mrs. and Miss Norah Sullivan, at Atlantic House, Scarborough Beach, Maine Miss Sullivan has gone on to visit her uncle at Falmouth.

Bishop and Mrs. Baldwin of London and Miss Baldwin are at Prout's Neck. Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake are at Scarborough Beach; also Lady Meredith and Mr. Jack Meredith.

Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald went to England this week. Mr. Arthur Hagerty is at Scarborough Beach.

Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Jarvis street, is spending the summer on the Atlantic coast.

Principal Manley of Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute is enjoying a week's fishing in Eastern Lake Ontario.

Dr. J. E. Wilkinson and Mrs. Wilkinson have returned to town from Muskoka. Mrs. Wilkinson will hold her post-nuptial reception in September.

Mrs. Baudry of Chicago, daughter of Mr. G. F. Marten, arrived in the city this week.

Miss Laidlaw has returned from Muskoka, where she has been a guest of Mrs. Hardy, at her charming summer home, "Ouno," Lake Rosseau.

Mrs. W. P. Bull is at Port Sandfield.

Mr. John Carruthers is with his family in Edinburgh just now after a charming tour of Scotland. Mrs. and the Misses Carruthers are enjoying the beauties of Auld Reekie, but, from what I hear, they are agreed that Canada is the place for them, and we may perhaps welcome this estimable family back again ere long.

The Monday evening dance this week at the Yacht Club was rather a lull on the verandah, a quiet tete-a-tete on the lawn, where there are so many easy seats arranged, than a dance, though the crowd of young folks continued to invite heat prostration by rushing two-steps and energetic waltzes. They all looked charmingly happy, though collars wilted and curls became straight, and everyone is in raptures over the condition of the floor, so long the only drawback, and now in such perfect shape. Among

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the guests were Mrs. Fred Gray and her sweet young sister, Miss Lowndes, Mrs. Kemp and Miss Dollie, whose narrow escape from a watery grave has filled her friends with thankfulness. Miss McKellar, in a pretty white frock and hat, Mrs. and Miss Byford, Mr. and Mrs. George Carruthers and their guest, Mr. Harrington of Port Huron; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. Massey, Mr. Harriman, Mr. Tom Plummer, the Misses Hughes, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Monck, the Misses Jarvis, the Misses Wilkes, Mr. Somerville, Miss Foy, Mr. Gordon Osler, Mr. King, Mr. Ricardo Seaver. The dinner was, as usual, quite a large company, and among others I noticed Professor and Mrs. G. W. Smith, who find the cool evening at the club most enjoyable.

Sir Adolphe Caron has been in town for a few days this week, and put up at the Queen's.

Mrs. R. B. Denison will make her home with her brother and sisters, Mr. and the Misses Brown, when she leaves Mr. Charles Denison's.

On Wednesday four or five small dinners were enjoyed at the Yacht Club by over-roasted citizens, who found an agreeable refuge from the intense heat and an excellently served repast on the upper balcony. Professor and Mrs. G. W. Smith, Miss Crookes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley and Miss Cayley, Sir Adolphe Caron, Miss Maud Givins, Mr. Ricardo Seaver,

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ed, and several others were there, the hospitable honorary secretary being the host of Sir Adolphe Caron, who was very marked in his expression of his pleasure with the cool, quiet, restful hour after the heat and business affairs of the day.

On Wednesday Mr. A. R. Creelman was the host of a very nice luncheon at the Toronto Club, in honor of Mr. Charles Russell, son of Lord Russell of Killowen, who is in town on business this week. The guests were all prominent men, some of them being happily in town most opportunely, and all pleased to meet their distinguished legal guest of honor.

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| Whaley-Royce. 7 octave Upright Piano in handsome ebony case, with engraved panels. Height 4 ft. 6 in.; full iron frame; double repeating action; engraved panels and trusses; only in use seven months; original price, \$250. Present Price, \$235. | Karn. 7 octave Upright Piano in handsome ebony case, with engraved panels. Height 4 ft. 6 in.; full iron frame; in use about one year; in perfect order; original price, \$225. Present Price, \$240. | T. W. Morgan. 7 octave Upright English Piano; very handsome burr walnut case; height 4 ft.; only two years in use; a little worn; engraved panels. Present Price, \$135. | Broadwood. 7 octave Square Piano; in rosewood case; carved legs and lyre; length 6 ft. 4 in.; in first-rate order. Price, \$127. |
| BARGAIN No. 5. | BARGAIN No. 6. | BARGAIN No. 7. | BARGAIN No. 8. |
| Berlin Piano Co. 7 octave Upright Piano in handsome walnut case; full iron frame; fine tone and action; 3 pedals; height 4 ft. 7 in.; original price, \$250. Present Price, \$220. | Fox. 7 octave Square Piano, in rosewood case; carved legs and lyre; Ogee mouldings; length 6 ft. 1 in. Price, \$108. | Wormwith. 7 octave Upright Walnut Piano; height 4 ft. 6 in.; engraved panels; double repeating action; iron frame; looks like new; used about twelve months; original price, \$275. Present Price, \$220. | Steinway (N.Y.) Upright 7 octave Piano, in new rosewood case; height 4 ft. 4 in.; ivory and ebony keys; attractive tone and action; center panel carved; original price, \$290. Present Price, \$325. |
| BARGAIN No. 9. | BARGAIN No. 10. | BARGAIN No. 11. | BARGAIN No. 12. |
| Chickering. 8 octave Square Piano; fine rosewood case; full iron frame; in excellent order; a fine practice piano. Price, \$69. | Kingsbury (Chicago) 7 octave Upright Cabinet Grand Piano, in richly carved walnut case; iron frame; double repeating action; full extension music desk; three pedals; nearly new; height 4 ft. 9 in.; original price, \$375. Present Price, \$230. | Thomas. 7 octave Square Piano, in rosewood case; length 6 ft. 2 in.; carved legs and lyre; in excellent order. Price, \$119. | Weber. 7 octave Upright Piano; unusually handsome burr walnut case; height 4 ft. 10 in.; rich carvings; iron frame; 3 unisons; beautiful tone; looks as if just from the factory; original price, \$430. Present Price, \$240. |

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